TRUE WEST

NON-FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

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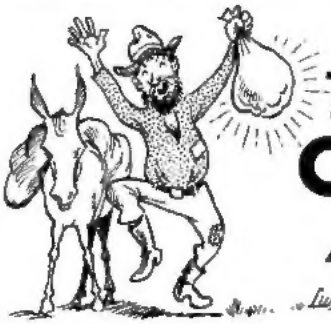
April
1969

"THE LONER" by WALT COBURN

THE STORY OF ZANE GREY

COMPLETE CONTENTS ON PAGE 2!



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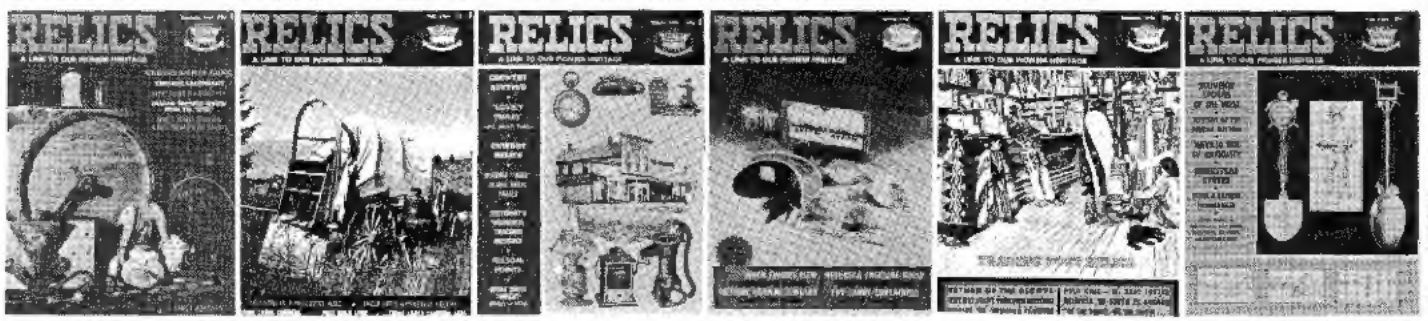

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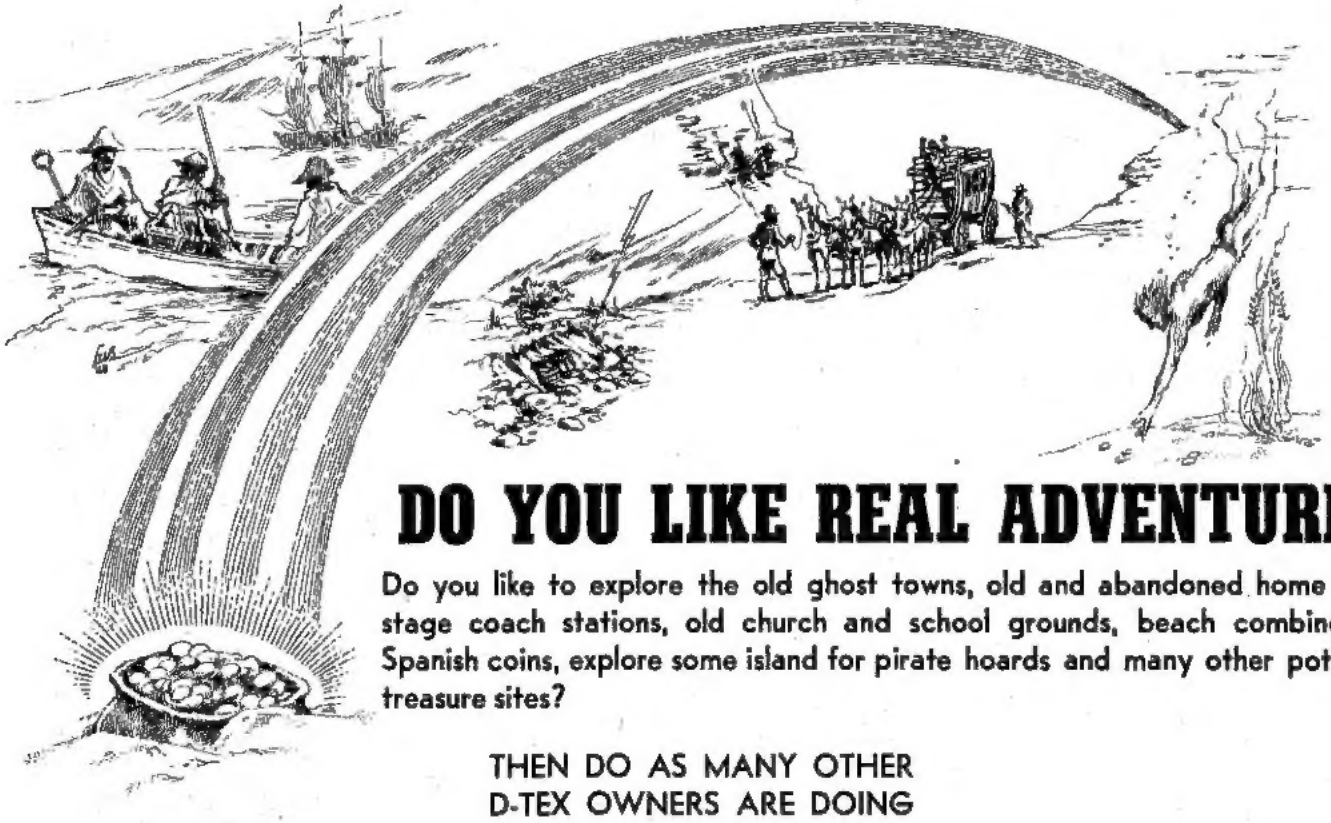

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

March-April, 1969
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Whole No. 92

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Darwin Van Campen
"Spring's Drama in the Desert"
Near Mesa, Arizona

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YOU ASKED FOR IT!

I ONLY WISH I knew *how many* you are asking *for*! I'm talking about our new project, GOLD!, of course, and you might say that I don't know what I'm talking about. Fact is, you *could* say I don't know what I'm talking about!

Funny thing, I started thinking about a treasure magazine about fifteen years ago when the first couple of issues of TRUE WEST brought in more letters on the treasure stories than any other type. At that particular time, and for years thereafter, there wasn't a single magazine in the treasure field and I kept planning on bringing one out but always had to put it off a little longer "because." So, all of a sudden treasure magazines began sprouting up everywhere. Even the bigger treasure clubs are putting out their own little magazines. Still, we keep getting those letters asking us to publish those early treasure articles that appeared in TRUE WEST from 1953 on.

One reason we have held out so long is the fact that we got our tail burned pretty good on this Index thing. We had received letters for years—many letters—asking for an index so we turned out one dickens of a cross-index job covering the first seven years of TRUE WEST (through 1960). If you had a dog named Fleabites II and he was mentioned in a story about you—or even in a letter about you—well, old Fleabites II would be in that index!

We were so dad-burned proud of it—until the sales didn't start coming in. Oh sure, we sold a thousand or more but we published ten thousand and were scared that we hadn't printed enough.

By golly, did you ever see nine thousand indexes all piled up neatlike against a storage wall? If you have, you have seen a heap of indexes! Not knowing what to do with nine thousand terrific indexes, we offered them as prizes, handicaps, with Christmas gift subscriptions, and almost threatened you folks with throwing one in your back door free if *somebody* didn't buy the rest—but nothing worked. We even thought up brilliant ideas like stuffing them in broken window panes in hunting cabins to keep out the cold air. They still didn't move. So stuck with the blamed things we tried cutting them up, spreading on cream and sugar and let me tell you something—they just don't work as breakfast cereal either! So it looks like we didn't quite feel your pulse correctly on that particular little venture.

Again, for many, many years we have had this same deal running on our early treasure stories. We have not only felt your pulse but have blamed-nigh squose your cottonpickin' wrists off and the message still reads, "We want all treasure stories in one package." So here we go. You can get all the details on the inside back cover.

STRANGE, isn't it? Most of the time when we get a heavy mail asking for something (like the color prints, for instance) it is durned-nigh a lead pipe cinch that we won't lose our drawers in the venture. Could be that we will on this GOLD! thing, but stories of lost mines, buried treasures, goldrush, mining, buried loot and all the other exciting aspects of a treasure magazine are considerably more interesting than a cross-index and maybe they'll sell better. Anyhow, run, don't walk, to your nearest newsstand and you ought to find one there. (I have always thought that "run, don't walk" phrase is absolutely the silliest one in commercial advertising!)

If you can't find a copy on the newsstands, send us fifty cents in any form or fashion and we'll get one in the mail to you. Be sure and read that article on page 1 in GOLD! for a complete explanation of what it is all about. If you count the words, and the pages (100 including covers) you might just say that we've got the biggest fifty-cent bargain in the treasure field today. Then again, after reading the stories, you might not!

I won't go on explaining more about this prospecting trip—as I said before, all the needful details will be on page 1. But, gents, I've got to tell you something—if we have a goldmineful of unsold copies left over, we'll have to eat cornbread, turnip greens, and clabber for another two years to catch up. If Joe "Hosstail" Small is wrong this time, our workers will again be wearing holey drawers like they did before, and when the blue northers send streams of windy ice through those holes—old Hosstail and his ideas get downright unpopular!

So do everything but downright lie (and you might get a shade close even to that) in order to get people to pick copies off the newsstands so that we won't have another "Index" on our hands and cold drafts of air hunting poorly protected parts.

Isn't it a caution how you can step right out sometime and come up with a winner, and then you receive a barnful of letters wanting something else and it falls flat.

Well, I guess that's enough trembling and shaking in my pants when I think of what *could* happen. Still, if it does, just color me blue.—Joe "Hosstail" Small.

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Truly Western

Jack Healy

Dear Sir:

Someone from Montana sent me a recent TRUE WEST and I am so thrilled with it, for a lot of the stories in it I know about personally—for instance, the one on Jack Healy. He did all the things that Jesse Green wrote and so many more that it would take a whole magazine to tell all of them. We lived on a big Montana wheat ranch, and Jack Healy was a part of the country. He spent a lot of time at our ranch. I have seen so many of the things that he could do with the horses. If a person didn't actually see him do some of these things, it is hard to believe. But he did indeed have a strange power. It was no effort on his part—it came just like breathing.

The first thing that Green told about in the story—the stuck wagon, loaded with sacks of wheat—happened right near our ranch house and I saw that feat performed. That was my first time to see Jack Healy in person, though I had heard a lot about him.

Jack would pull a horse's ear down to his mouth and whisper to him, after he had patted him. But I have also seen him stop a horse (or several) from a hundred to three hundred yards, never open his mouth to say a word, yet control them as if he had hold of them. He could make them stop, run, or lie down, get up—and he would never speak. Then he would laugh and tell the horses that they were free. He was indeed a remarkable man, but he cared nothing about money or fine clothes—just a drink of whiskey or a jug. He loved horses and he wanted everybody to like him—"be friends" he would say.—Mrs. Josephine Carroll, 804 12th Street, Radford, Virginia 24141.

Nannie Thomas

Editor:

To me the old June 1966 issue of TW was really exciting. On two different occasions I lived for a year in Colfax, Washington, and later often visited a brother, Arthur Payne, who lived there. After reading "The Man Who Lived With Greed," I am left with a great curiosity about Nannie Thomas. Whom did she marry? Are some of her offspring still living at Colfax? Did her sons bear a name well known to me, or perchance daughters and granddaughters have married names that I well know?

I am acquainted with much of the terrain mentioned in that story—I have been through Sprague, and often passed in sight of Steptoe Butte. There are two legends about this Butte—both agree that Colonel Steptoe and his command took refuge there from Indians, but after that the accounts are at variance, one saying that, since there was no water on the butte, the entire command perished while the Indians continued to encircle them on the well-watered plain below. The other account is that the entire command succeeded in escaping through the circle of Indians and reached the fort at Walla Walla.

The story of Charlie Russell was extremely interesting. I lived from 1902 to 1918 in the Judith Basin in Montana. I can understand Charlie Russell's being captivated by the beauty of it. My brother, George Payne, was a cowboy and ranch hand in the Judith Basin for years before I went there. This story he related to me, after Charlie had begun to be famous: "One evening several of us (cowboys) were sitting around the table in the bunkhouse by the light of a little tin lamp. One of the boys took an envelope and a stub of lead pencil out of his pocket, and began to draw something. When he had finished it, he threw the envelope onto the table. One of the boys picked it up, and it passed from one to another until one of the boys said 'Ha! That's old Jakie Hoover and his wife. Look at him trying to get the old buckskin across Ross Fork!'

"Sure enough," continued my brother, "it was Jakie Hoover on the farther bank of Ross Fork, pulling on the leather line that he had taken out of the turret ring and taken with him as he climbed over the horse and jumped to dry ground. In the buckboard sat Mrs. Hoover, pounding the old buckskin that, with all four feet braced, was balked in the middle of the creek. Anyone who had ever seen Jakie and his wife would recognize them from Russell's drawing on an old envelope with the stump of a lead pencil."—Mrs. Clara M. Grove, 428 East 7th, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Oil Towns

Dear Sir:

"The Oil Rush Wild West" (Dec. '66) reminds me of many things I went through in those days just after World War I when the young hot-heads had returned from service. I still marvel that so many of us young sprouts came through those rough oil boom days in one piece.

Things got pretty tough at times in those days. Many of the workers were men with records. Employers hired these men because they had to put up with most any kind of treatment from the boss or else. Paydays at times were bluff-offs at the point of a six-shooter—which sometimes failed to work when tried out on a returned veteran. I had the six-shooter stunt pulled on me in an office on Main Street in Drumright, west of the railroad tracks. There were plenty of touch cookies in those old days, especially among the construction men; in fact, one contractor still owes me nine bucks for three days' work.

Many lives were saved because so few of us had a shootin' iron. I know of dozens of cases which would have wound up with some feller biting the dust if the offended had only owned a gun.—Frank H. Sellars, P. O. Box 161, Oceano, California 93445.

Loggers

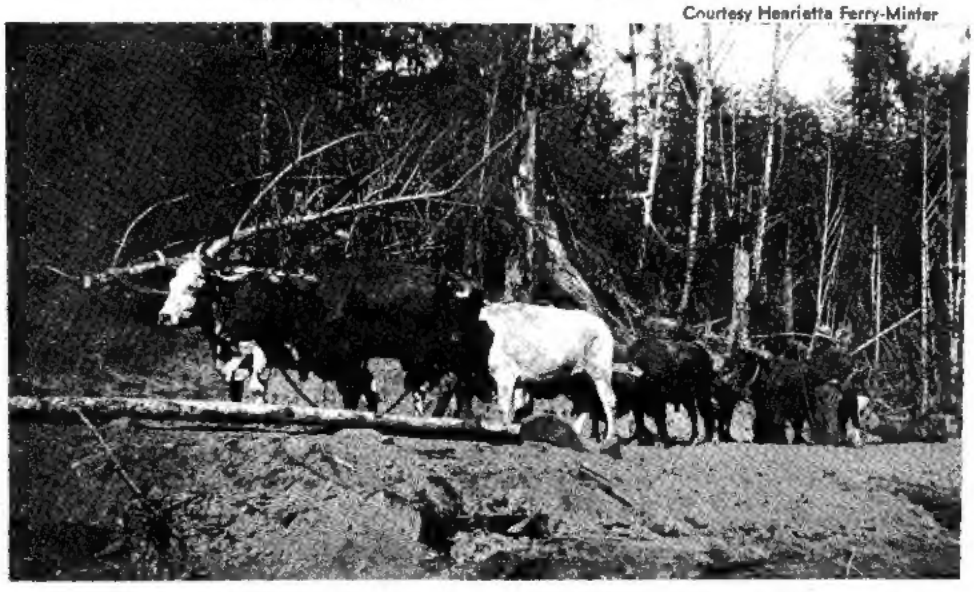
Dear Editor:

In the logging story I just read, the author said every red-blooded boy wanted to be a logger, but I must disagree. I had two brothers and knew all their friends and I'm sure not one ever wanted to go into the camps. We knew most of the men from there (staying at my father's hotel) and with very few exceptions they were fine men.

(Continued on page 72)

Old photo of logger and oxen in Oregon.

Courtesy Henrietta Ferry-Minter



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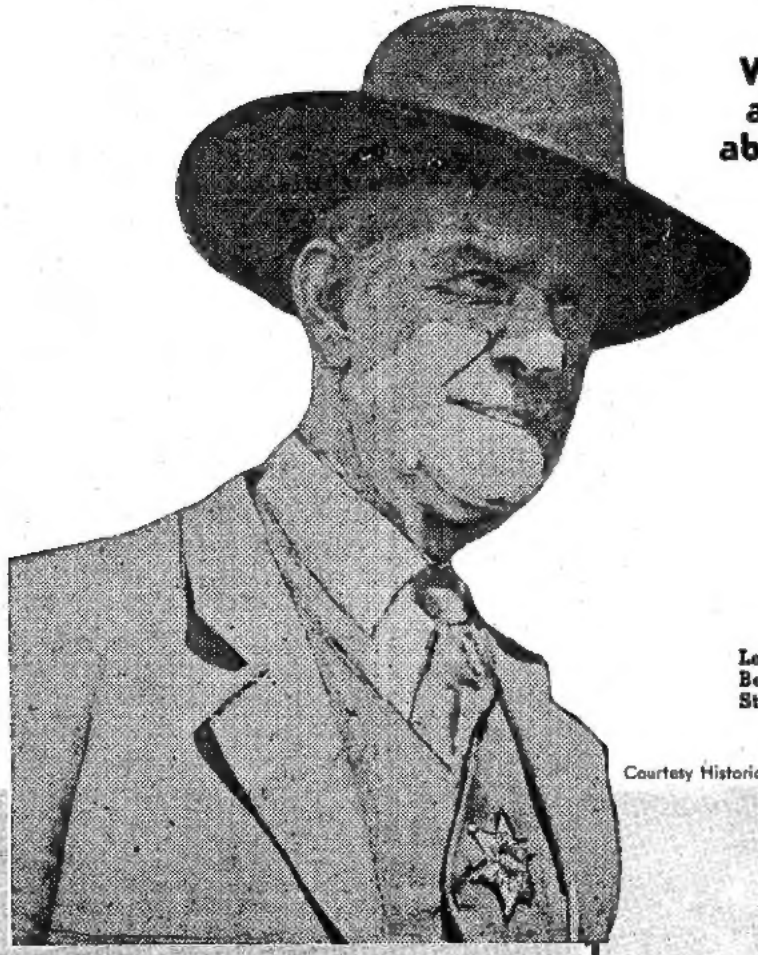
THE



Left, John Bludworth, deputy sheriff at Del Mar for 43 years. Below, Del Mar Station, 1912, showing walkway to the Stratford Inn, the bath house, and salt water plunge. Arrow points to the garage where Walt worked.

Courtesy Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Company, San Diego, California

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By WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

LONER

Walt Coburn, in charge of the Stratford Inn Garage. 1920.

BACK IN 1920 the seashore resort town of Del Mar, California, approximately twenty miles north of San Diego and about ten miles up the coast from La Jolla, belonged to the South Coast Land Company, who owned all the land along the beach and the sloping foothills.

In 1910 this company built the Stratford Inn, so named because its architecture was inspired by that of Stratford-on-Avon and the building resembled an English inn. There was a large bath house with a salt water plunge, and the annex to the bath house afforded living quarters for the male help—hotel clerks, bellhops, chefs and the chauffeurs of the wealthy hotel guests. A brick power house, adjoining the pergola, furnished power for the inn. For those who enjoyed fishing a pier extended out beyond the breaker line.

North of the bath house and power plant was the Stratford Inn Garage, its main purpose being to store the automobiles of the guests. Gas, tires, sparkplugs and other auto accessories were available, and the man in charge of the garage made minor repairs. The old coast highway was called El Camino Real (the King's Highway) and it passed by the garage, but for the most part the garage was maintained only as a service to the hotel guests.

The Santa Fe Railway depot was a stone's throw from the garage and bath house, and a wide, easy-graded walkway, with a handrail, led from the depot to the stately Stratford Inn for the convenience of guests who arrived by train, or those who liked to walk back and forth to the plunge and beach.

The hotel grounds were beautifully landscaped with trees, shrubs and flowers, and on the ocean side the wide verandas offered a panoramic view of the Pacific and the hotel's three-mile stretch of sandy beach.

In 1920 the exclusive Stratford Inn was a show place, catering to wealthy people from Pasadena, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and points far afield. They came by train, and in chauffeur-driven limousines, with nursemaids for the children. The Inn maintained a separate dining room for the youngsters and their uniformed nurses.

The South Coast Land Company, with its vast holdings, was formed in 1905 by H. E. Huntington of railroad fame, William A. Kerchhoff, president of San Joaquin Power Company and Pacific Power Company, C. A. Canfield, noted oil millionaire, and Henry W. Keller, a pioneer Californian who owned a large home in Del Mar and whose family aided greatly in the building of the Catholic Church. The South Coast Land Company owned and maintained Del Mar's water company and laid out the town, determined to keep an old English atmosphere. If this sounds like a Chamber of Commerce brochure, it is because of nostalgic memories. I spent a few of the happiest years of my life in Del Mar, almost fifty years ago.

Comparatively few residents had permanent homes in Del Mar, and those homes were widely scattered in the brushy foothills, beyond and on both sides of the open air amphitheatre which was directly in front of the Inn. No more than a dozen or so beach cottages were scattered, hit and miss, north of the bath house and pier and toward the high cliffs overlooking the Pacific ocean at Solana Beach and Carlsbad.

IN 1920 I was in charge of the Stratford Inn Garage. I slept in an attic room in the front end of the garage. Access to my quarters was by ladder. One small lookout window, facing the dirt highway, afforded a peep hole at night. A night bell was outside the office door, and a telephone extension in

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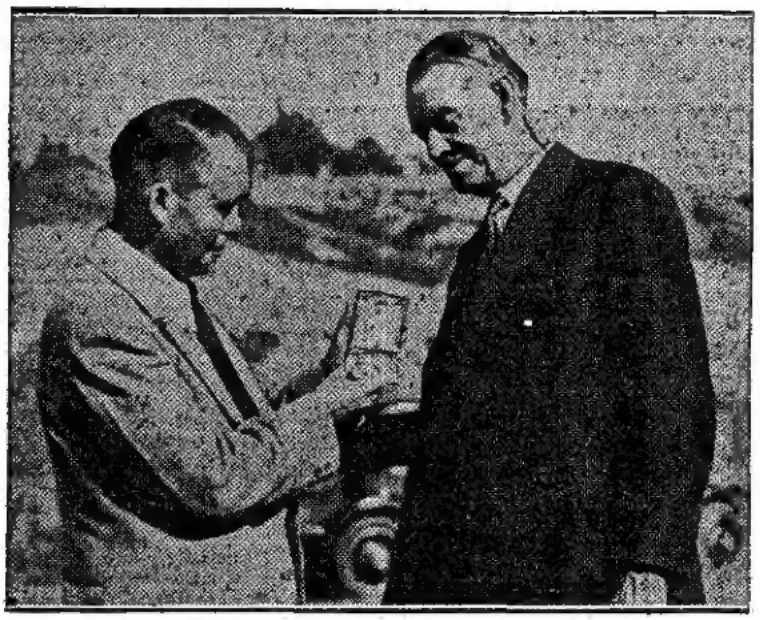


Walt examines the solid gold badge presented Deputy Sheriff Bludworth by the people of Del Mar, about 1930.

the office to the hotel switchboard, so that any long distance calls from the garage had to be made through the hotel.

Managing the garage was a twenty-four-hour job, seven days a week. During the summer season I was allowed a helper, and on summer afternoons I acted as assistant lifeguard, for which I was paid an extra ten bucks a month. The extra pay ended the day after Labor Day, and from then on I ran the garage alone.

The office of the garage, also a stockroom for auto accessories, was headquarters for Deputy Sheriff John Bludworth. John lived on a small place in nearby Carmel Valley, and he would show up every morning about eight o'clock in his Model T Ford, go home for noon dinner, and return at one o'clock to stay until six that evening.

John Bludworth was somewhere in his sixties, a native son of California, ranch raised, and a veteran law officer typical of the Old West type of sheriff. He was a self-effacing, soft spoken, friendly man, not a trigger-happy gunslinger or badge polisher. During his long years as a law officer he had become a good judge of human nature, with a rare understanding of criminals and lawbreakers of all descriptions. A fearless man, cool and collected in a tight, and if the occasion arose he was quick on the draw.

The deputy sheriff always wore a dark colored business suit, with vest and white shirt and a necktie. He kept his ankle-high black shoes well polished. The wide-brimmed, black Stetson hat, the cartridge belt and holstered gun were the only sign of Western garb. John had his own particular manner of packing his gun, a double-action Colt Police Positive .38, in a left-handed, open holster of the cartridge belt buckled around his lean waist. The holster on his right flank rested near the hip bone, so that the butt faced forward. Bludworth was right handed, so to draw his pistol it required a swift turn of the wrist, and in a split second the gun would be in his right hand, and ready for action.

During my many years in the cow country of Montana and Arizona, and along both the Canadian and Mexican borders, I have known men, both renegades and lawmen, who prided themselves on the fast draw that often meant the difference between life and death. And on a few occasions I have seen men who played for keeps when they reached for their guns. And my old friend John Bludworth was, I believe, as quick on the draw as any of them. I use the word "believe" with due respect and caution, disregarding the modern-day fast draw contest artist for a prize. I'm speaking of the old-time gunfighters, both outlaws and law officers, who built tough reps as killers. No two gunfights were alike. It depended a lot on each circumstance—whether or not the gun duel was planned ahead of time by each man—the condition of the men's nerves, and whether or not brave-maker "booze" was involved. Or if one man had the bulge.

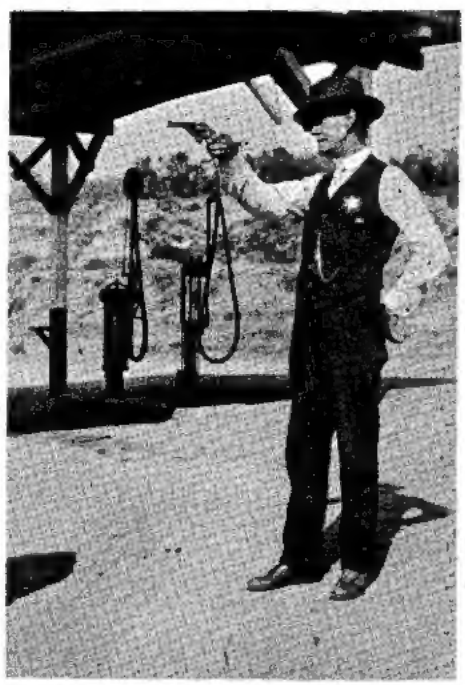
A professional gunslinger who traveled on his reputation with notches on his gun, was usually a cold-blooded, calculating killer, and he'd most likely have the bulge, the slightest edge that gave him the advantage. But John Bludworth was definitely not this type of peace officer.

THE SHERIFF of San Diego County, with headquarters in the city of San Diego, twenty-five miles from Del Mar, was John's boss. But for the most part John used his own judgment. Days would pass when he did nothing but sit in the garage office or walk around outside, always within easy call of the telephone in case he was told to be on the lookout for a stolen car or some bootlegger. The motorcycle officers would stop at the garage and keep John posted, as would the Immigration and U. S. Customs officers.

When a stolen car was reported John would write down the license number and the make, and then enlist my aid. He had a little trouble recognizing the different automobiles by their individual lines, while I was familiar with every make that traveled the highway. I could spot a certain car from a distance and warn John in plenty of time to flag it down, and lend a hand if there was any trouble. As a result I unofficially acted as John's deputy during the year or two I was in charge of the Stratford Inn Garage. I acted solely out of friendship, without pay, without a badge of authority, or a gun.

On a few occasions John Bludworth worked at night to aid in a roadblock that was set up to watch for bootleggers, Chinese smugglers or dope runners. Sometimes John and his Model T car would be where the roadblock was set up. Other times he would park the flivver in the shadow of the garage and wait in his car, while I would be in the dark office to answer phone calls from the sheriff's office, or be ready to back John's play in the event he flagged down a car with his flashlight, when I'd switch on the floodlights over the garage door to light the dirt highway. I would be unarmed except for a shot-loaded, leather blackjack with its whang leather wrist strap. It was the same lethal weapon then in use by uniformed city policemen and plain-clothes detectives. The blackjack was the property of the Strat-

John Bludworth in front of the Stratford Inn Garage.



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Courtesy Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Company, San Diego, California

Stratford Inn, Del Mar, California.

ford Inn Garage and was kept in a desk drawer during the day and under my pillow at night.

I was the proud owner of an almost new second-hand Model T convertible coupe, with varnished wooden-spoked wheels and a canvas top. I kept it spick and span, washed and polished, in the hotel garage.

The manager of the Stratford Inn was a pompous, paunchy little gent named Sibbald, and he made it plain to all employees that he was to be addressed as *Mister* Sibbald. A henpecked husband, whose tall wife domineered him, he took his spiteful, petty nature out on the hired help, including me.

No love was lost between Mister Sibbald and Deputy Sheriff John Bludworth who, by the consent of the South Coast Land Company, made the office of the Stratford Inn Garage his headquarters. I had my orders from the company to keep the deputy's gas tank filled, free of charge, keep the oil changed, the tires repaired, the sparkplugs replaced, and do minor repairs. By way of returning the favors, John maintained law and order on the beach, at the Inn, and in the town of Del Mar.

Everybody in town, including kids and dogs, was John Bludworth's friend. Every farmer and rancher in the back country knew, liked and respected him. Even the hoboes, who rode the rods and boxcars of the Santa Fe freight trains and sometimes jungled up under the railway bridge, felt no animosity toward John. Of an evening before he went home John would drop in at the jungle camp and visit a while. Those were the days of the professional hoboes who had a nation-wide organization and met once or twice a year in California, Florida or some other state, and elected their leaders. The hoboes were a clannish bunch with strict rules and regulations according to their own code of morals.

Secret cryptic signs which had their own meaning were marked on gate posts, telegraph poles, bridge scaffoldings, buildings, and other places, and John Bludworth knew the meaning of those symbols. Often before John paid his daily visits to the jungle camp he would stop at Marks Store, about fifty yards up the highway from the garage. Marks Store was a typical country store that stocked a little of everything—groceries, meats, dry goods, medicines, and so on. John would purchase four bits or so worth of stew meat, which would be his contribution to the hobo mulligan that day.

John knew all the regular, genuine hoboes by name. If there was a stranger among them, John asked a few discreet questions and got truthful answers. When those arrested over the week end in San Diego for vagrancy, drunkenness, or some minor offense, appeared in court on Monday morning, the judge would give them the usual "floater" verdict to leave town. Usually these drifters only got as far as Del Mar where they camped for the night under the railway bridge.

An agreement existed between the deputy sheriff and the hobo fraternity that there would be no panhandling on the streets of Del Mar (no house-to-house begging for a handout). That agreement had long since become an unwritten law among the Knights of the Road, and the old-time hoboes saw to it that the Johnny-come-lately, younger generation of drifters abided by it. Only on rare occasions would a tough customer show up, a real criminal on the dodge, and by hobo grapevine John would be tipped off to the situation. He'd make his arrest at the jungle camp, then by telephone notify the sheriff at San Diego, who would send a police car to pick up the prisoner.

John Bludworth was the oldest law officer in San Diego County, both in years and length of time he'd served as a law officer in the State of California. Thus things stood on that memorable day of April 28, 1920.

BREAKFAST was served for the help in a private dining room at the hotel at 7 a.m. That gave me time to get in a daily morning swim in the ocean, rain or shine, every day of the year. After breakfast it was part of my job to sweep out the garage with a push broom, unlock the gas pump, and open the garage for business.

I'd just come back from Marks Store, where I'd gone to get a ten-cent sack of Bull Durham, when I heard the phone ring. It was Mister Sibbald, and I could tell by the tone of his voice he was excited and nervous.

"Where in hell were you?" Sibbald shouted. "I've been trying to get you on the phone for fifteen minutes." Without

(Continued on page 42)

NAVAJO TRADERS FOR

Smith – McAdams – Richardson:

George W. McAdams, trader in 1877.

S. L. Richardson, oldest of the trading brothers.

THE MORNING SUN had not tipped the high, sharp rim of Navajo Canyon when war shouts rose from its sandy floor. Simultaneously a flight of arrows and several bullets slammed into the traders' camp under the curved wall.

The three white men there had just begun to stir when the Indian attack suddenly materialized. The first one up, Frederick (Fred) Smith, was raking the firebed into life. He fell over sideways dead, pierced by arrows and lead.

His companions, W. E. (Billy) Mitchell and W. C. Siewert, rolled from their blankets with rifles in hand. The foremost Indians were only a dozen steps away as they opened fire. When their rifles were emptied the white men resorted to pistols. Their rapid fire drove the Indians well off, leaving eight dead scattered over the canyon floor. Several others, wounded too badly to stand, were crawling away.

Smith, Mitchell and Siewert had come west through the vast Navajo country pack-train trading. The previous day they had gone all the way to the river. Then returning about three miles upstream along Navajo Creek, they camped in the protection of a rincon for the night.

Mitchell and Siewert now had a breather—time to reload and set themselves for a second onslaught. It came, but dispiritedly, for Indian casualties had been heavy, and the new charge never fully got underway. Hurled back by expert shooting, the attackers disappeared down the canyon toward the Colorado River.

Even though the Indians seemed beaten off, Mitchell and Siewert took no chances. Remaining alert, they dug a grave in the sand at the base of the canyon wall and buried their companion. One of them took time to chisel this inscription on the wall over the grave:

F. Smith Aug 5 1861
W. E. Mitchell 1861
W. C. Siewert 8/5/61
Ceder Oldham Eng.

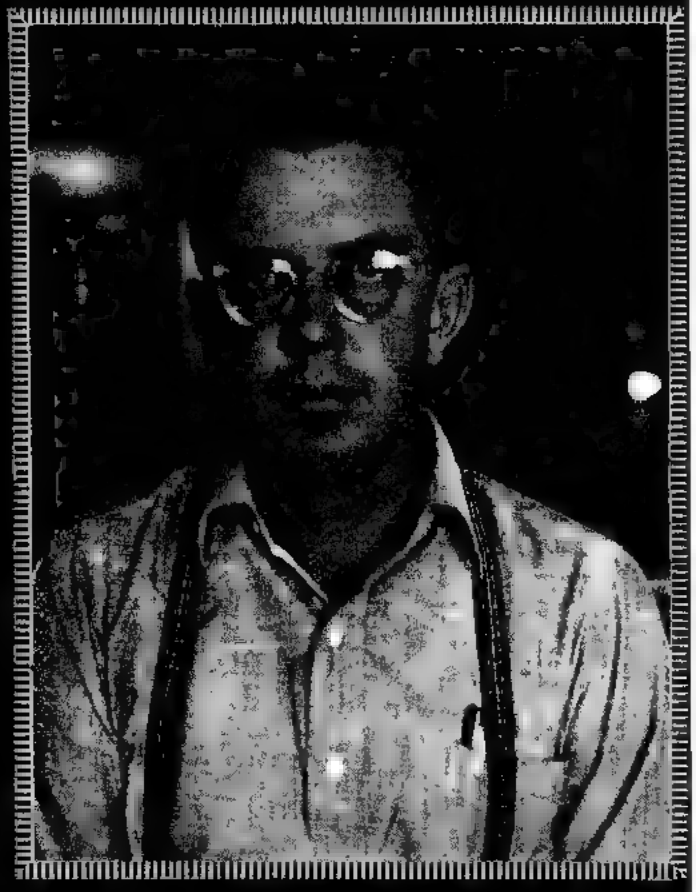
Because of the final line it is likely

MANY MOONS

By JOHN R. WINSLOWE

These men form an unbroken link from the days of the arrow and pony right up to now...

Hubert Richardson, 59 years a trader.



W. S. "Billy" Young, still engaged in trading.

that the Englishman, Siewert, carved the inscription.

When it was definitely established that no Indians were skulking around, the horses were saddled for a getaway. Then the seven mules were packed with the trade goods. Somewhat warily the traders advanced upstream. Where the floor widened out and visibility ahead was good, they ran the stock in order to put some distance behind them.

THE INDIANS as Mitchell and Siewert fully expected, laid an ambush for them. Thirty miles up the canyon toward late afternoon they ran into the ambuscade. The white men made a dash for the mouth of a side canyon and took a stand on a low bench under an overhanging wall containing an aboriginal cliff dwelling. This time the Indians made no open charge. They advanced slowly behind what little cover was available. Twice before nightfall they were beaten off.

When darkness clothed his movements Mitchell slipped out, bringing in their two saddled horses and some grub. The red sandstone wall of the cliff dwelling made a good fort.

That night the Indians conducted psychological warfare by wild screaming, firing their guns and sending arrows futilely at the walls. And under cover of this confusion they also sneaked up the side canyon and stole all the traders' goods and pack stock.

The following day and the next night Mitchell and Siewert stood them off, and probably concluding that lack of water would not force the white men into the open, the Indians took the loot and departed. While one trader maintained watch, the other slept. They did this by turns until both had recovered from two sleepless nights. During this period one of them again cut names and dates on the wall in the cliff ruin.

The two men emerged from the canyon near White Horse Mesa. No further incident marred their eastward advance to the Hopi villages and on to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Their last fight had been made in a tributary of Navajo Canyon

Old Houck Trading Post, established in 1874, where Toney Richardson started as an Indian trader.

about three miles downstream from Neetsein. The latter holds the big ruined cliff city of Inscription House. The first inscription of the traders' and Smith's grave are now under the waters of Powell Lake.

FREDERICK SMITH, the forerunner of a family of Navajo traders (Smith-McAdams-Richardson) best described as a "dynasty," was born in Tennessee. While still a young man he went west to New Mexico, joining the mountain men in Taos. After 1838 when high silk hats ruined the beaver trade, he roved the Far West like most other footloose old trappers, seeking another worthwhile pursuit to compensate for the one gone under.

At intervals of two or three years he wrote home to his sister, Mildred Ann, married to Isaac King McAdams. Most of these delayed communications reached her from either Taos or Santa Fe. In one of his letters, written in 1850, Smith stated that for approximately ten years he had been engaged in trading with Navajo Indians west of where Fort Defiance was established in 1852.

Since the tribe was constantly at war with surrounding people and the United States Army, his must have been a precarious business. It is probable that certain ranking chiefs protected him as they did other pack-train traders. Otherwise, he could not have retained his scalp for so many years.

Pack-train traders established no permanent posts like those which came into

Blue Canyon Trading Post opened by Hubert and C. D. Richardson in 1913. Formerly the homestead of J. P. Williams, 1882.

being in the 1860s. Their trade goods consisted principally of powder, lead, bullet moulds, dye stuff (indigo), robes, flints, thread, Green River knives, cheaply manufactured silver ornaments, beads, needles, iron bridle bits and cloth. Outfitting, they proceeded to common meeting places, not unlike the former trappers' rendezvous although on a much more minor scale.

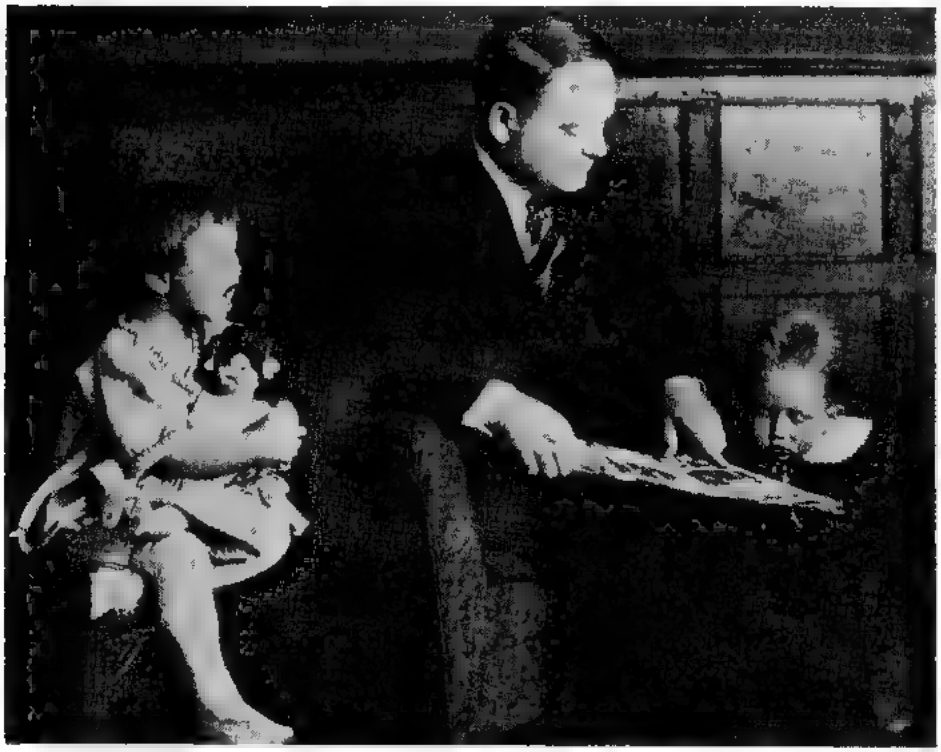
From his earliest years Smith ventured through the entire Navajo country all the way to their sacred Navajo Mountain in north-central Arizona. It was a few miles south of this mountain that he lost his life during the surprise dawn attack by a group of unknown tribesmen.

The Civil War put an end to his rare letters home, or so his family presumed. They did not wonder about him until after the war had ended.

In 1875 the numerous McAdams family moved from Tennessee to Texas. George W. McAdams, Smith's nephew and the oldest son in the family, started looking for him in 1877. The uncle whom he had never seen had assumed a glamorous, adventurous prominence in his life.

In Taos and Santa Fe George could obtain no information about him at first, not even in the reservation onto which the Navajo tribe originally moved in 1868. George lived among them for awhile trading and learning to speak the language, but the venture proved unprofitable for they were very poor after

Above, right: J. H. McAdams and daughter Maxine. Below, Shonto Trading Post established by C. D. Richardson in 1914.



C. D. Richardson, shown with daughter Harriet and son William Thomas, is still engaged in Indian trade at Gallup, New Mexico.

four years of captivity at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

In Santa Fe George McAdams had better luck. He located the Mitchell family. Billy, married to the daughter of a prominent New Mexican official, survived some years after the close of the Civil War. His widow and two oldest sons had known Smith well. They told McAdams much about him and where he had been killed. Long before Smith made the last trading expedition in partnership with Mitchell and Siewert he had been named by the Navajos "The-white-man-who-moves-camp-after-dark."

Secretly stealing away from a known campsite was the old mountain man's warranty for staying alive.

GOING OVER to Las Vegas, McAdams threw in with the Bowers brothers, George, Dave and Fred, where they cut hay on contract for the U. S. Cavalry. He had come to New Mexico with them in a wagon.

One Saturday night they all went to town. During the course of the evening while they were in a saloon on *Sodomia La Calle de la Amargura* (The Road of Suffering and Bitterness) they were jumped by seventeen hardcases from Raton.

Not being armed, McAdams and the Bowers brothers seized chairs to defend themselves. McAdams, a powerful man six feet four inches tall, got hold of an iron-framed one and laid down the enemy in piles. When the dust settled and officers arrived, three dead lay among the unconscious and bleeding. He was credited with killing them. The desperate fight was an obvious case of self-defense against great odds, so no action was taken. For weeks this gang had been running roughshod over local citizens.

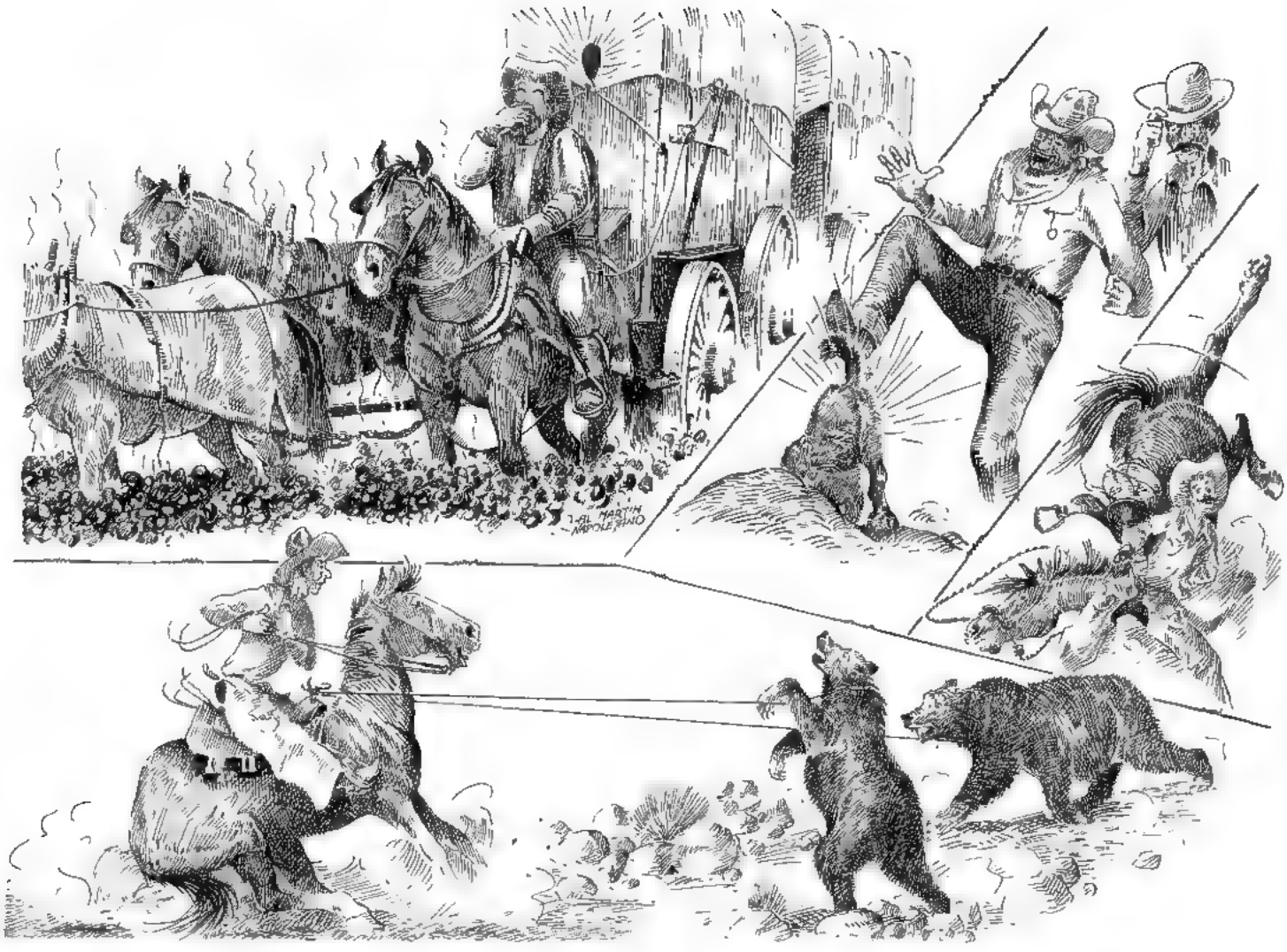
But the next time McAdams went to Las Vegas he was armed. Alone, he started gambling in a dive and cleaned out the poker game. When the angry heaviest loser drew a gun, McAdams shot him dead across the green covered table.

Fleeing to the Bowers brothers' camp, McAdams was warned by them that a posse of Mexicans most likely would already be after him. If he fell into their hands he would be strangled to death on a rope forthwith. McAdams saddled a fresh horse, intending to streak for the wilds of Arizona Territory, and the brothers decided to go with him.

The four men traveled all the way to Flagstaff. The Bowers brothers took up farming land east of town, and also cut ties for the approaching Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. McAdams went north into country which was uninhabited except for roving Navajo Indians who had eluded capture during the Kit Carson roundup of 1864. His first trading post was a stockade cabin on Rabbit Mesa (1879). It stood five miles north of Tuba City which had been settled by the Mormons three years before. Two years later he moved on north to Redlake, now called Tonalea. The only other trading posts

(Continued on page 63)

Sunrise Trading Post bought by C. D. Richardson in 1928.



There are certain times when the exact truth just ain't good enough

WINDIES—PURE and SIMPLE

By CHARLES C. PATCH

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

BADMEN, prospectors and Indians have stolen the scene in the records of the Old West. But what about the liars? Except for Charley Russell, few have given this select group the recognition it deserves.

There are three kinds of liars: Dirty liars whose lies are designed to hurt others; damned liars who are in trouble and use this means to try to get out of it; just plain ordinary liars who lie for fun. The products of the latter are harmless, without malice, often humorous, always entertaining, and usually preposterous. "Panther" was a just plain ordinary liar.

Some of you may remember Panther. (C. C. Beard was his real name.) He was an old man when I was a kid. The last time I saw him he had a little harness shop north of Casper, Wyoming. That was about 1925. He was too old to ride outlaw horses and rope bears, but not too old to tell about the way it used to be.

The way Panther told a story you never knew how much, if any, of it was true. I suspect it was based on fact but embellished with imagination.

One time a serious-minded friend and I were listening to some of his yarns. After a particularly wild one my friend said, "I don't believe that."

Panther's look was understanding—almost sympathetic. "Hell, son," he said, "you ain't supposed to believe it. It's just conversation."

I was once on a cattle train between Buffalo, Wyoming and Omaha. There were three of us—another kid of about my age, a grizzled old-timer, and myself. My young companion and I sat on one side, the old cowboy on the other. I was entertaining the other youngster with Panther stories. After each wild and unbelievable episode we would have a good laugh. The old cowboy was quiet and taciturn, apparently paying no attention.

I told the one about the time

(Continued on page 58)

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Courtesy Marshall Cartright

California logging scene

BRANDED LOGS and

By RENO "DAD" INGLES as told to RICHARD SUMMERS

I HAD ONLY one experience with log pirates, a curse on the Columbia and up at Seattle and the Puget Sound, but a little after my time. I was working as a rafter on the Cowlitz River, just off from where it joins the Columbia, about where Longview, Washington, is now. Then it was a big Indian colony, and that was where I met Rosie Wannassie and fell in love with her, even with her being an Indian girl. I called her Rosie because I couldn't pronounce her Indian name, and she said that it meant *rose* in American, so why not?

Before I went there, after I left Judson's, I worked the rest of that winter and some of the spring at the Sholtz Brothers' camp. It was a small outfit but good to work for. They paid top wages and no fuss about it, and asked a man only ten hours a day of work, and in bad weather less than that, and didn't deduct from wages unless the bad weather lasted a day or more. Paid full for part of a day.

I would have liked to stay longer, but I got a call from home. My mother had remarried a year or two before, and they'd moved onto a little place near Portland and wanted me to help clear the land and pay off a $400 mortgage. So I spent the late spring and early summer on that job. About the only way a private party could make money on wood was to cut it down into cord wood, haul it to the docks along the river, and sell it to the steamboats. About $3.00 a cord, delivered. No railroad then. All the freight went up and down the river by steamboat, sternwheelers mostly. The last sidewheeler I remember was *W. J. Potter,* a passenger boat. Sternwheelers served as passenger boats or freighters, depending on which was needed. Boats would back right up and hitch onto a log raft or a scow full of gravel or grain and haul it wherever it was consigned to. They liked big wood and used plenty of it—sixty-four sticks to a cord.

I liked that work fine because it had variety—cutting down trees, splitting them up and sawing them up to the right size, then hauling them down to the river with the team in three-tier ricks. Plenty of time to loaf around and watch the river, all the traffic on it, and the fir and spruce and pine bluffs on both sides, water purring along so quiet and contented.

It was this spring, I was about twenty-two years old, that I had my first attack of rheumatics, which was to trouble me on and off for many a year. How I cured it is another story.

This time was one of my worst attacks. Don't know what caused it. It took my stepfather, my mother, and a neighbor to turn me over in bed. They had me swathed in mustard plasters over

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Courtesy D. L. Ingles

Along the Columbia River. Reno sits second from the right.

TIMBER RUSTLERS

Reno wasn't in the mood to be a nightwatchman— not with an Indian camp up the river where Rosie Wannassie lived!

every bit of my body except my heart, trying to draw out the poisons. But that didn't do no good. They finally brought me into Portland where I was closer to a doctor. Rubbed my knees with liniment and all it did was blister them and blister my mother's hands.

So then I originated my own treatment. Took a hot bath in a big wash tub, then had them keep bathing my knees in ice (or cold water when the ice run out). Then take another hot bath. I was in pain all the time. Nothing quite so bad. Even when my chest was crushed it wasn't so bad as that. Finally it begun to settle in my joints, mainly my knee joints. They was stiffening up so I couldn't bend them atall, and I knowed they'd stay that way if I didn't do something. So I originated my own treatment for that too. I laid crossward on the bed, my upper legs on a chair, lower legs below the knees sticking out beyond the chair. Then I had my mother set on my stomach; she was a mighty heavy woman even then, and a feller named Gibbs, a neighbor, would put all his strength to bending my knees, even setting on them. Hurt so bad and I let out a yell, all the neighbors come pouring in to find out who'd been murdered.

But it worked. The rheumatics went away sudden, and three days later I was back on the job rafting logs.

WHERE I GOT this job as a rafter wasn't far from Rainier, Oregon, and near Kelso, Washington, sixty miles or so from the south of the Columbia on the Cowlitz River, almost where it empties into the Columbia. Both streams are very wide at this point.

Twelve, fourteen of us boys worked there all the time as rafters. Nine, ten companies cutting timber up the Cowlitz into Washington, sent logs floating down till they reached the boom where we worked, turning them into rafts. When ready, a tug or sternwheeler would arrive and tie on; we'd open the boom gates, and the raft we'd made up would be hauled off to the mills.

This was a sort of separate company that made the rafts or you might call it a cooperative run by all the different companies involved. Every log which come down the Cowlitz was branded on the end just like they brand cows, but with a hammer and stamp, usually just the first letter of the company name, such as *R* for Ramsey, *M* for Muckles, *S* for Scholtz. Brand didn't make no difference to us; we made the raft out of any logs that come along. But at the mill each company was credited with its particular log by the number of board feet estimated in it, and paid according.

I liked working there. Fine bunch of boys, mostly young and spry as they had

to be. You wasn't considered much of a rafter till you could take a little run an' jump twelve feet from one log to the other without upsetting. Two Indians from the camp across the way was among us for awhile; they didn't do so well and couldn't stick at the work. But a half-breed name of Niel Gristol worked fine and stayed on. From him I learned a good deal about the Flathead Indians and how they lived. They was several Swedes and Norwegians, couple Germans, a Dutch boy, and the like, sort of mixed up and many of them only second-generation American, while a couple had been born in the Old Country.

Pay was good, $2.50 per day, very good for them times, and the work, while heavy, was not steady because the tide had to be out if the logs was to stay inside the boom. We had much time off to visit in Rainier or Kelso or swim across the river to visit with the Indians; or we might go fishing or hunting. Sometimes we wouldn't get much work done during a day, so the foreman figured out a scheme whereby we could work at night wearing miner's headlamps, which he bought for us in Portland. That didn't work out so well for logging, though. The shadow of a log went out beyond where the log was and looked like it was a part of the log, and you'd go running out there and ka-splash you'd go in the drink. After one or two experiments at night trying to take advantage of the tide, the foreman give it up.

Most of what you needed to be a raftsman was being spry and strong and an expert swimmer and not minding a ducking three, four times a day or more. We was all expert swimmers and we was wet all day long. If we didn't fall in the river we was wet anyhow from our peavey sticks or our poles dripping on us or rubbing against us. Always wore wool—wool underwear, wool shirts in colder weather, shagged pants, logging boots. Water in the boom was mostly about forty foot deep. But we thought nothing of that.

USED TO HAVE a lot of fun playing and horsing around on them logs—fellers all young and good-natured and full of the devil. They had lots of sport dumping another feller. You could jump up behind him and start spinning log with your spike boots and off he'd go and everybody'd laugh. Next time he had the chance he'd get even by jumping in behind you and returning the favor. Or maybe he was an expert, like Art Pomeroy, who'd grab his balance somehow, even when it came unexpected, and start spinning you the other way and off you'd go, pole and all. Art Pomeroy was real agile, about the most expert I ever seen. Once in a while in competitions of log rolling with fellers from other camps, we'd put up Art Pomeroy, and I never did see him whipped. He could get a log spinning so fast the end of it looked like a pinwheel, and never lose his balance—slow her down just as nice and steady when he wanted to stop.

I got pretty good myself. I'd had some experience in the slough, working with Ed Judson, and I got the hang even better after a few weeks as a raftsman, but I never did get near as good as Art Pomeroy, nor even as good as Niel Gristol.

Yes, sir, we had some good times on the river, but mainly it was work and more work.

Mostly we made up small to middling-sized rafts so they could be hauled by small river tugs. Sometimes we made bigger ones for the sternwheelers to haul. But none so big as the ones that was built about the time of the San Francisco earthquake when that town couldn't get lumber fast enough, and someone took the notion that it was cheaper and quicker to ship them as ocean-going log rafts. These was called cigars, being long and narrow and running to that shape. They must have been 800 foot long; it took a regular ocean-going freighter to tow them. Instead of ropes they was chained together. But even so, many of them tore to pieces in heavy weather. Forty years later I seen many of them logs washed ashore all up and down the coast from Oregon to Santa Barbara, California. Some of the cigars was bound for Los Angeles, and I know a feller at Cayucos about 1915 that set himself up a mill just to cut them logs into lumber, that had drifted ashore around there. He kept in business several years doing nothing but that and made a nice profit.

ONE MID-AFTERNOON, soon after I begun my work as a raftsman, one of the boys yelled and we all looked up. Across the river was a bunch of Indian girls swimming naked. They was upstream a ways but we could see them pretty plain, and when they saw us looking at them, they got out of the water fast and run back into the woods to dress.

I was already saying, "Here's where one white boy goes native," and pretending to dive into the water to swim across and chase after them.

"No need for that," says Al Peck.

"Hell, no," says another of the boys.

I was working near Chuck Williams at the time. "They're mighty friendly girls," he says to me. "All you do, Reno, is you go over there at night with a quart of whiskey. You give the chief half a pint of it. No more'n half a pint. You got to be careful about government men, but they savvy pretty well, them Indians. They'll let you know. You give the chief a half pint, which is about one good swaller for him, and he'll let you pick out any girl you take a fancy to.

"Then you set down with the girl and she'll help you drink the rest of the whiskey. They'll get mighty friendly on some whiskey, them girls. No need to give them anything else. We go over there all the time. Change around. That way you don't get tired of one girl. You like to come along with us?" Chuck asks.

I says, "I sure would. You betcher life I would."

Here it was in the 1890s, and them Flathead Indians lived along the Columbia and the Cowlitz Rivers about as they had for hundreds or thousands of years. They lived in tepees or buckskin lodges, hunted, fished for salmon, growed corn. They wore mostly buckskin and blankets, not civilized clothes. They still buried their dead with all their possessions—only instead of putting them up on a platform or in a tree, they buried them in a sitting position. All this because so many white folks had robbed the tree graves for souvenirs.

They did their cooking over open campfires, with a stake on each side of the fire and an iron bar across. From this bar they'd hang a big iron kettle to cook their corn mush, which was like bread is with us. Had it every meal. They was especially fond of barbecuing venison—would either hold it on sticks or hang steaks from the iron cross-bar.

They hunted with rifles and fished mostly with nets. But their rifles was real old, some of the oldest guns I ever seen in use. One of the bucks had a flint-

Carson sawmill near Banks, Oregon. Reno's wife (far left) and children are in this photo, taken about 1915.

Courtesy D. L. Ingles

Photo courtesy D. L. Ingalls

Building a scow along the Columbia River. Reno is standing on the right in this photo taken while he was still a bachelor.

lock and used it, a real old gun. A wonder it didn't blow up and kill him.

ONE NIGHT three, four of us fellers decided to pay a visit to the Indian camp. We stayed on after work, instead of going into Kelso where we was living. Chuck Williams had already bought three quarts of whiskey in Kelso—we'd give him the money beforehand—and we was all set, with that whiskey hid in the little house where we kept our tools.

Hank Stevens stayed right there along with us, snooping around, and we didn't want him along. He was a new hand none of us 'specially liked. Tall skinny drink of water, with black teeth. Claimed to've had experience as a raftsman, but was mighty clumsy and awkward at it.

He was fumbling around in the tool house. Chuck says to him, "Lookin' for something, Mr. Stevens?"

"Yeah."

"What?"

"None of your damned business!"

That's the way he was. Nasty-tempered. He come on our bottles of whiskey, lifted 'em up and looked at them. "Where the hell these come from?"

"They belong to us," Chuck says.

"Payin' a visit to the Injuns?"

"None o' your business."

"It's my business," he says. "Boss put me on watch tonight." That was a custom none of us could figure out, which had been started of late. I guess the boss had news of logging rustlers from some other camps down or up the river, but we hadn't heard of it. Just the same most of us was glad he put it into effect because all you had to do was set around all night, keep your eye on the boom, and draw an extra day's pay. Of course, not seeing any reason for watching the boom, soon's it turned good and dark we'd take a smuggled blanket out of the tool house and go lay down on the ground and go to sleep, or if it was raining, we'd sleep inside the tool house.

"You ain't got no call to watch over us."

"I'd like to go along."

"No chance," Chuck says, "not 'less you go alone."

"S'pose I report to an Indian agent what's goin' on here," remarks this Hank Stevens.

"You won't," Chuck says, "because they's four of us to one of you, and it wouldn't be very healthy."

Them Indians was right glad to see us. They was just cookin' their supper over open campfires all across that wide clearing, with the river out front and their lines out in it, and in the twilight it made a pretty spectacle. The dark tepees, bright red campfires scattered all over, the thick dark forest with ferns growing so thick you couldn't hardly make your way through without cutting a path.

The chief was a big man but stooped and wrinkled and flat-faced, like his face had been stepped on by a horse. He knowed a few words of English but mostly he just grunted, and you was supposed to understand the grunts. Chuck gave him the whiskey bottle and he took a long swaller, and it was really a bang-up swaller—just about the half pint in one long draught. That boy was a powerful thirsty Injun. Then some of the other bucks come up. They was chiefs too, I guess, because they had to have swallers too, only none of them could stand up to the first old boy who was still licking his lips and grunting.

ABOUT THEN Chuck put a stop to it, so the old boy called around to different camps and pretty soon a flock of girls come over. They was very pretty girls, for Injuns anyhow. Had kind of olive-colored skins, hair done in braids, and beads hanging three and four strands thick around their necks and down to their waists. They acted shy and giggly and sort of stuck around together. Chuck held up what was left of his bottle of whiskey, and they wasn't shy or bashful no more. They liked whiskey just as well as the older folks.

I picked me out a little girl no more'n five foot tall or so, light gold skin and big brown eyes.

"Her no good," the chief said.

"You don't want her," Chuck said.

"Well," I says, "I guess I know what I want."

So the boys took their girls by the hand and give 'em a drink, and then they begin vanishing up and down the river, I likewise. Only I noticed my girl took just a little drink, not a big one, and she made a face with it.

We got ourselves a nice grassy bank up the river apiece, all quiet now and nearly dark. I says to her, "Have another drink?"

She says, "I don't want anymore."

That surprised me some, because none of them in camp had talked any English to amount to nothing—mostly sign language and a few words like *good, you like, go, come.*

"Aw, you gotta have a drink," I says.

She answers, very exact, "It is wrong to drink."

"Who says so?"

"The sisters."

"Your sisters?"

(Continued on page 39)

Zane Grey knew the trick of transforming words into men on horseback, ink into redblooded courage, paper into sage and sand...

HE MADE THE WEST FAMOUS

By ELEANOR EARLY

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Courtesy Helen Johnson, Zane Grey Inn

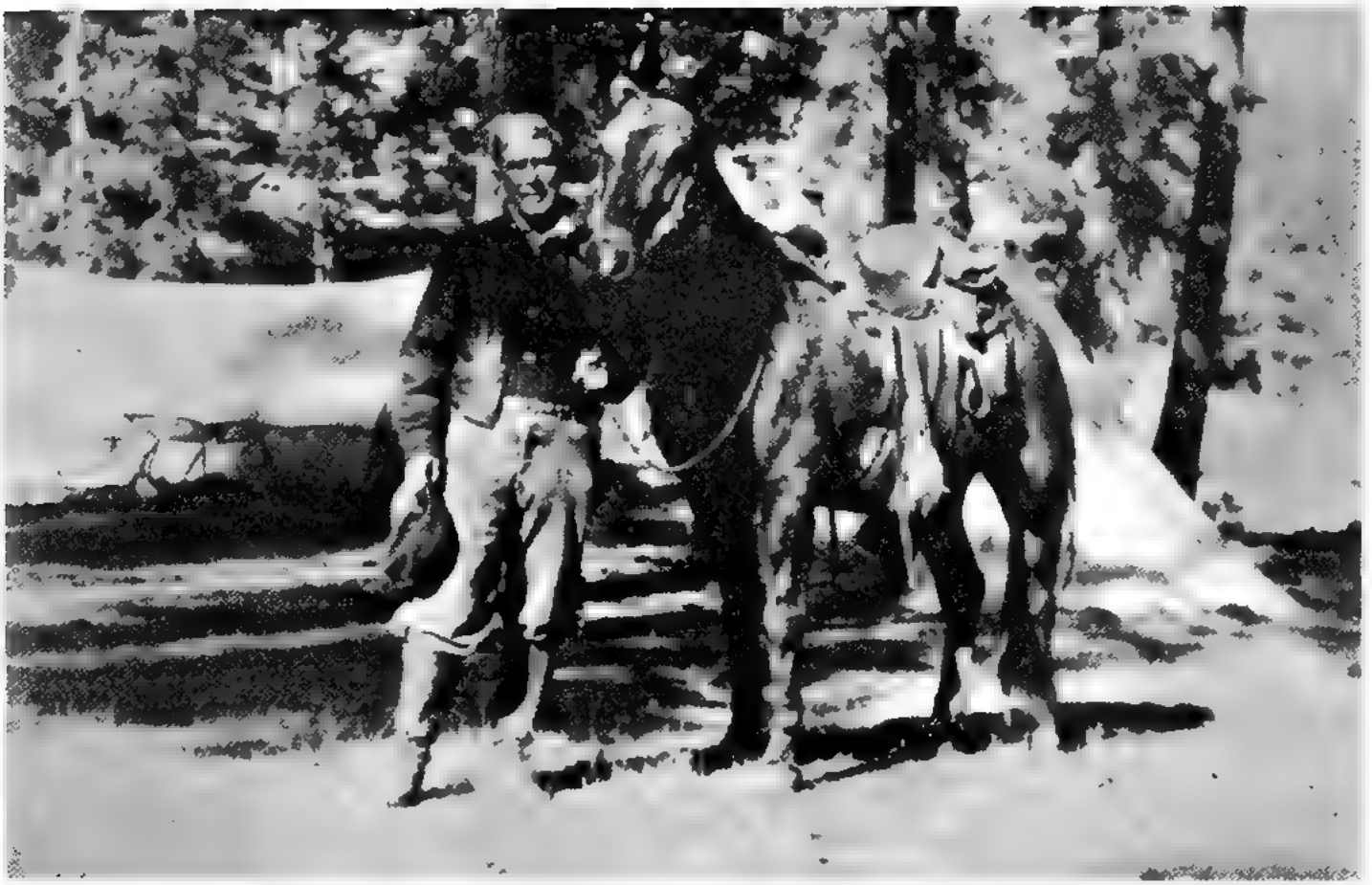
Zane Grey along the Mogollon near Tonto Rim, Arizona.

IN A SMALL cottage on the Delaware River in 1904, Zane Grey, a fugitive from both dentistry and semi-professional baseball, launched his career as one of America's most popular writers. The cottage, enlarged as he achieved success, is now the Zane Grey Inn, and the room in which he worked is a fascinating museum that houses such assorted memorabilia as Grey's foot-operated dental drill, his baseball shoes and the Morris chair in which he wrote from daybreak to dusk.

Across the arms of the chair rests the lapboard on which Grey wrote his first ten novels—a million words and all on lined yellow paper. On the walls are the oil paintings for the jackets of those first novels, and about the room are the things the author loved most. His favorite cowboy hats and riding breeches. Indian mementoes and souvenirs of the "Wild West." In Grey's words, all were collected by "the man whose books made the West famous."

There are also Grey's books, Mrs. Grey's water colors, their daughter's baby carriage and her dolls, family pictures, household furniture, china and cooking utensils. A table is strewn with scrapbooks.

This little known Zane Grey museum is about twenty-one miles northwest of Port Jervis, New York, by way of New York Route 97 and the Roebling Bridge across the Delaware. It is operated by Mrs. Helen Johnson, who also owns the adjoining Zane Grey Inn. Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of the late Alvah James,



Courtesy Helen Johnson, Zane Grey Inn

Zane Grey and "Night" in the Tonto Basin.

an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Sun*, who introduced Grey to Buffalo Jones. Jones was the man who showed the author the West and put him on the road to success.

The surrounding countryside is wild and lovely. Grey, writing of Lackawaxen after he had seen much of the world, reminisced: "The Delaware winds through a picturesque mountainous region where the forests abound with game and the streams with fish. My years in Lackawaxen represented more than a struggle to become independent through writing. Here I gained my first knowledge of really wild country, and here I had my first happy times since early childhood."

The country is not as wild as it used to be. But it is still a good place for deer and small-game hunters, and for fishermen seeking shad and pike. When the shad, known locally as "old slabsides," make their annual pilgrimage to the Upper Delaware to spawn, broiled shad is a gourmet feast hereabouts.

Grey, who did his first fishing in the Delaware, became the most famous fisherman of his time. He once held ten world records for game fish. An outdoors editor, Ed Zern, once wrote: "It is probable that no one will ever challenge Grey's right to be known as the greatest fisherman America ever produced."

ZANE GREY was born on January 31, 1875, in Zanesville, Ohio, a town named for some celebrated Indian fighters who were among his ancestors. Actually, his own family's name then was spelled with an "a" (Gray) and he was christened Pearl, the toniest name of the time.

Queen Victoria, a strong influence on the tastes of the world, had recently gone into semi-mourning to mark the tenth anniversary of the Prince Consort's death. During her semi-mourning, she popularized a shade known as pearl gray. The smoky color crossed the Atlantic and swept America.

Fashionable gentlemen wore pearl gray cravats, and chic women were attired in pearl gray ruches and ruffles. Commodore Vanderbilt drove a pearl gray tandem. Everybody, it seemed, was pearl gray conscious. And a woman whose last name was Gray naturally could not resist calling her newborn son Pearl. He grew up hating the name.

At his father's insistence, Grey became a dentist after having been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He opened an office at 100 West 74th Street in New York City, and lived there with a tomcat.

Grey quickly became successful, but he hated dentistry. On the side, he played semi-professional baseball, pitching for the Orange Athletic Club of East Orange, New Jersey. When the team played out of town, many people came to the ballpark to have "Doc" Grey pull their teeth.

A handsome young man with a shock of black hair, flashing dark eyes and good features, Grey at twenty-four could boast in his diary: "I have all the young girls in town coming for dental work, whether they need it or not."

One weekend Grey came to Lackawaxen on a fishing trip. As he paddled down the Delaware River, he flirted with a girl on the bank. They met that evening, and both claimed it was love at first sight. Her name was Lina Roth, but Doc christened her Dolly. When she heard about his Indian-fighting ancestors, she began calling him Zane.

Soon afterward, Pearl Gray changed his name to Zane Grey. He married Lina Roth, and he decided to become a writer. The newlyweds packed his dental tools and sign (now in the museum), gave away the tomcat, and gathered their few belongings. They moved to the cottage in Lackawaxen.

It was a bitter winter in Pennsylvania that year. Grey wrote in the kitchen, thrusting his fingers "every 15 minutes in the open stove to keep them from freezing." His bride did not share his enthusiasm for the rugged life, but she did share his faith in his ability to become a writer. If it had not been for Dolly Grey, it is doubtful that her husband would have made it. She borrowed money from her mother to support them, and taught him how to put words together. His grammar was poor, so she bought him textbooks to study and dime novels and classics to read. Together they worked, he writing laboriously on the yellow paper and she correcting his work.

They sent out short stories, articles and

(Continued on page 57)

THE OIL GAME

By G. L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Well near Claremore, Oklahoma, circa 1934.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Drillers of a well in a Seminole oil field.

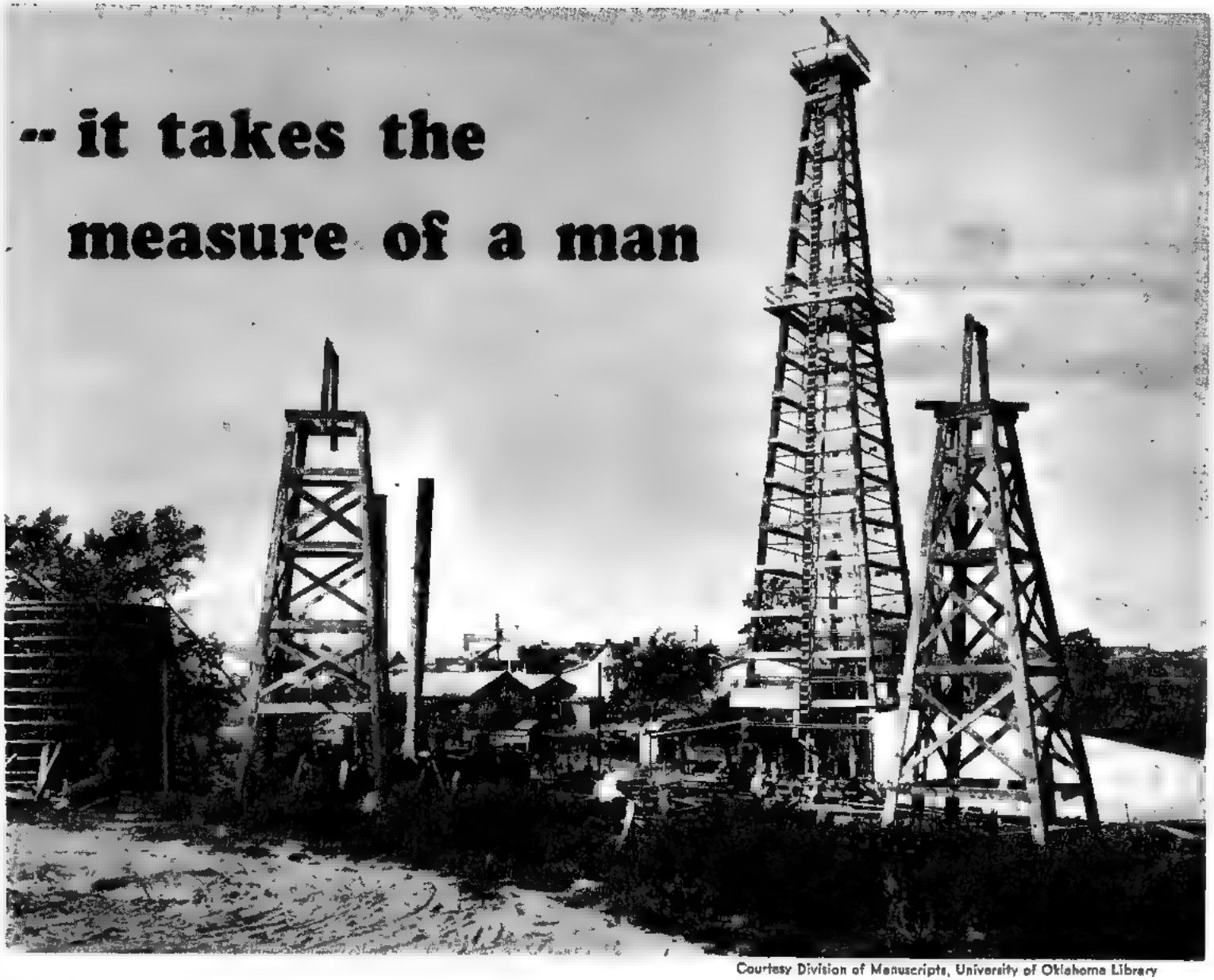
WHEN the wooden rig was standard equipment in the oil fields and no one had ever heard of a rotary outfit; when the men who worked in the fields said the automobile with glass windows would never be practical for anyone but the old ladies with electric cars, there was laughter in the oil game. Fortunes were made overnight.

Geologists were looked upon with suspicion by the old-timers. Their fancy maps with curves and curlicues were greeted with snorts of derision by the driller with his hand on the cable. There was only one rule to know if oil were under a certain plot of ground—drill and find out. He thought he could tell by the "feel" of the "rope" what formation the drill was hitting, better than any seismograph could. The old and the new had not yet met on friendly terms.

Oklahoma was booming. Tulsa was called the Oil Capital of the World and men from the East in derby hats and tailored clothes mingled with men in oil-stained khakis. Everybody was out to learn what he could from anybody who might know where a wildcat well was being drilled. That meant a well in unproven territory. They were all ready to gamble on a lease nearby. The ratio of drilling dry holes to bringing in one producer was about nine to one. When oil was found, adjoining leases were sold for a premium. If a man holding offsetting property wanted to hold it and drill, he might win or lose. If without money to drill he could be grubstaked by others who were willing to take a chance.

Foreign countries as well as American companies with holdings in Pennsylvania, Virginia and other fields, brought experienced men to Oklahoma. The new men they hired were young, robust, loyal and ready for a good time. Many of them were bachelors and spent their money as fast as they earned it. Brothers often worked together. Joe O'Laughlin and his younger brother, and J. J. Conry and his brother all worked for the same outfit. Joe in later years became the Oil Conservation Commissioner for the State of Oklahoma, and J. J. found himself chosen to sit at the president's desk of the Carter Oil Company. When they were

-- it takes the measure of a man



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Well on the east side of the town of Seminole, Oklahoma.

young they worked in the field. Once, when all of them had their pay checks at the same time and had turned them into "rolls of lettuce," as they called cash, the boys took rooms in the best hotel in town and had a whale of an evening.

Some of the money changed hands and the two older brothers had it under their pillows when they retired in the room they were sharing. The younger brothers jammed the lock as they left to go to their own room, and waited there until they were pretty sure the other two were asleep. They meant to play a joke on the older boys, take the rolls of bills that had been hidden, let them worry a while, and then give the money back.

They slipped into the darkened room in their stocking feet and were sliding their hands gently under the pillows about the time their brothers woke up. There was no breath after that for explanations. It was needed for the business at hand. No one could stop slugging long enough to turn the lights on. When four young athletes work at drilling wells, their muscles are flexible and powerful.

After the fight was over and they had had time to cool off, a good part of their pay went to redecorate the room and replace the broken furniture.

OTHER BROTHERS who played the oil game and won were the Phillips boys. Waite Phillips lived in Tulsa and when he disposed of some of his holdings, a picture of the check was banner-lined across the top of the afternoon paper, along with the caption: "Waite brings home the bacon." He not only brought it home, he left it there, giving generously to the town where he had made his fortune. The beautiful home he built for his youngsters to enjoy eventually became an art center. It reflects the man who gave it—one who loved beauty and wanted to share what he owned with others.

Frank Phillips preferred Bartlesville, and it was there he built his home and turned the surrounding country into a great park and game refuge. He, too, liked people. He was a little hard of hearing and, when conversing, had a way of looking into a person's eyes as if to read his thoughts. He spoke with a blunt honesty and had little use for those who did not do the same.

Frank Phillips' respect for the pioneers of the West, the ones who had spent their time planting, building and improving their surroundings, amounted almost to reverence. He began assembling an exhibit which would show the young people just what the settlers brought with them to establish new homes on the frontier. It was complete with everything from plowshares to religious books bound in raw leather. Today, "Woolaroc" is a show place visited by thousands of people every year.

There were other men who struck it rich in Oklahoma and left gifts there for generations to come. The Skelly stadium is one such contribution; the Gilcrease Museum with its priceless collection of manuscripts and paintings depicting the Old West, is another. Scholarships, libraries, hospitals, parks, churches—all have been made possible by men who seemed to have more fun in acquiring wealth than in spending it on themselves.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Wagon pulled by six teams of mules across the Little River carried a boiler—oil well equipment.

The oil fields were not places of glamour. Paved streets stopped at the city limits of the big towns and the little towns had none. The spring rains turned the back roads into quagmires and wagons loaded with pipe needed big strings of mules to get them to the leases. All wheeled traffic had to follow the mud ruts or get hopelessly stuck on the side of the road. A few men rode horses and mud sleds were common in the little towns, dragged by a team from the hotel to the bank or restaurant and back, charging a quarter or more for the ride. The rich and the poor held on to each other to keep from falling off.

The old tin Lizzies seen most frequently had iron braces fastened to the front bumpers and fenders to keep the fenders from falling off. The lease superintendents could be easily identified by the cars they drove. Oil companies furnished them with more expensive and powerful cars than most other men drove. The oil well shooters also had good automobiles. The turtle backs were removed and carriers put in their places, honeycombed with compartments lined with carpet and each one large enough to hold one gallon of nitroglycerine. Shooting the oil well—putting from 80 to 120 quarts of nitroglycerine into a container and lowering it deep into a well to shatter the formation and release the oil—was dangerous business.

The boom towns came and went, depending on the time it took to drill up a field. If production kept expanding and wells kept pumping oil instead of going to dust or salt water, the temporary shelters of tents and cheap pine shacks gave way to good brick or stone buildings, schools and churches.

Big oil companies, such as Prairie, Carter, Gulf and Shell, built lease houses for the use of their employes while the field was being developed. It was easy to identify the camps. The old Prairie leases were neat white houses trimmed in green. Carter used gray, trimmed in white. Gulf, called "Gypsy" by the oil men, painted everything in gypsy red, even the fence posts. Dutch Shell stuck to the royal orange, but after a few spring rains, sandstorms and weeks under the blistering Oklahoma sun, their houses turned a pumpkin color and blended in with the dry grass around them. They were hard to see from a distance.

THE MEN WHO worked in the fields were geologists, oil scouts, engineers, lease superintendents, drillers, tool dressers, roughnecks and roustabouts. Oil field boarding houses fed them well from dishes of white crockery. Big platters of meat, bowls of vegetables, salads, cakes, puddings and pies were put on the long, oilcloth-covered tables at the same time. The diners sat on wooden benches. There were no rugs and the floors were scrubbed every day. The places were clean.

Good-natured jokes were practiced by the men who had time for them. Soon after World War I, the veterans had a reunion in Tulsa. There was a parade with men from each state marching together. When the boys from Minnesota came by they were the finest looking group I ever saw—all about the same size, tall, wide-shouldered, and marching with the precision of a drill team.

"Oklahoma will never match them," I thought, with a feeling of jealousy for my own state, but when the Oklahomans came along, I felt like a balloon, swollen with pride. Leading them was a handsome young roughneck, dressed in working clothes of the oil field and twirling a sledge hammer as easily as he might a swagger stick.

Some time after that I spoke about it to Mr. Hinderliter, who owned the Hinderliter Tool Company. He laughed as he told me about the sledge hammer the young man twirled in the parade. He said it was made with a balsam wood handle and a head of hollow aluminum. It was made to play jokes on visiting brass.

During the big stag dinner that year, the guest of honor was placed at the right side of Mr. Hinderliter. Next to the guest was an Oklahoman who was presented the sledge hammer by a poker-faced waiter. It was passed from man to man, being easily twirled by each as it went along. Just as it came to Mr. Hinderliter he appeared to drop it accidentally as he released a real sledge from beneath the table, letting it hit the floor with a thud. The real sledge hammer was passed to the unsuspecting guest, who soon felt like a lamb in a bunch of lions.

The men had so much money to play with, some went in for cattle ranches, others for lodges in far-away places, trips around the world, and seeking out art treasures which could not be found in their home territory. One collector brought back paintings which were worth a fortune and hung them in the lobby,

First meeting of the "Midcontinent Oil Scouts and Land Men" at Sapulpa, Oklahoma, November 1922.

dining rooms and halls of a small hotel in the oil country, where anyone could enjoy them by wandering through the place.

Many of those who had made their fortunes in oil started building and improving the towns where their fortunes had been made. Streets were paved and parks set aside. Fine office buildings were erected to accommodate various departments needed to carry on enterprises that a few years before had been so small the individual oil man himself had attended to it without outside help. He could no longer carry his leases and contracts in his pockets; a whole floor was needed for bookkeepers only.

Warehouses were asked to vacate a corner of their building where the research department could work while their own place was being built. If the latter did not have the needed equipment, they fashioned their own. A five-gallon water bottle, hitched up to a washing machine motor, made a fine sand shaker, and other devices were rigged up by the boys as the need arose.

Of course, there was an undesirable element of people who followed the oil fields. Some, called "squatters," would pitch their tents on leases and run a gas line from their tents to the big lines to get fuel for heating and cooking. Pipeline walkers would tell them to get off the property, and sometimes the squatters obeyed; other times they had to be put off by the sheriff. One winter a pipeline walker felt sorry for a family with children and pretended he did not know they were there. He lived to regret it, because when their tent burned down, the squatter sued the oil company. He said he had not been warned of danger.

THERE WAS another type following the oil boom who were even less desirable than the squatters. They came in like vultures, trying to bribe the geologists and the oil scouts into giving them valuable information.

There were gamblers and girls who followed the pay checks, hoping to share in them without working. Riffraff followed the whiskey crowd. They literally swarmed into one of the new hubs of activity, a town called Cromwell. Men who had brought their families there decided the rough crowd would have to go. These citizens could not get any help from the regular law enforcement officers, so they hired a man of their own choosing. His name was Bill Tilghman. He was about seventy years old and had retired from steady work, but agreed to do the job at Cromwell. He was a quiet man and never bragged about anything but his riding horse. Cowardice was not in his make-up.

Bill rounded up a bunch of outlaws and then found out that no one would help him take them to jail, so he hand-

(Continued on page 40)

Stuck in the mud in Seminole during oil boom days.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

"HOW HIGH can he go when he's so far underground?" I wondered as I watched Elmer Snider climb the ladder. Light from his torch seemed to make the lime formation around us move; as he climbed higher, it showed off the rust, white, and yellow hues of the pothole above him. Elmer reached the wooden platform which was buttressed by iron and, walking over it, leaned his torch against the railing.

I held my breath in anticipation as he lit a magnesium tape and picked up a small wooden mallet. I was about to hear a tune played on the Grand Organ of Musical Stalactites, one of the most unusual underground curiosities in the world.

It was the summer of 1889. I had recently arrived in Manitou, Colorado, and one of the first things I had heard about was that wonderful organ located in the Grand Caverns in nearby Cave Mountain. I had come from Prince Edward Island, Canada, and in all that farmland had never seen a hill taller than a two-story house, nor a hole as deep as the Caverns were reported to be.

When I had some time off from hopping bells at one of the local hotels, I decided to go hear the organ. I walked up Ute Pass, past Rainbow Falls, and 600 feet above the falls to the Grand Caverns entrance. Because the cave was a "must" for tourists a lot of people passed me riding on burros and in carriages.

Across the entrance was a wooden shed with a doorway, in which a man stood to take admissions. I joined the crowd waiting to get in. I was sixteen, and while we waited I admired the pretty girls dressed like real ladies in hats and long dresses. Some of them carried parasols.

Finally, the man at the door announced it cost $1.00 to take the tour, and gave each of us a lighted lantern which burned oil and had a reflector behind it. With a guide in front and one in back, both carrying torches, our party of about twenty-five started through the Grand Caverns on a walk which would last an hour and extend nearly three-fourths of a mile.

We stopped briefly near the entrance in Bee Line Vestibule so that some of us could pay tribute to Ulysses S. Grant. We added loose stones at hand to a sizeable pile started originally by an admirer of the general. The rock pile had come to be known as the Grant Monument.

A MOUNTAIN'S STRANGE

Courtesy Stewarts Commercial Photographers

By W. S. "BILL" CROSBY
as told to HANK GIVENS

Photos Courtesy Author

There were three routes from the vestibule leading to separate groups of chambers and back again. We took two of these routes and saw many fossils, as well as interesting rock formations such as the Ape, the Owl, the Banyan Tree, the Wreck, and Horseshoe Tunnel. In a small room we saw the remains of a petrified Indian. Owners of the Grand Caverns had found it in nearby Red Rock Cañon, and transplanted it to the caverns for tourists to see.

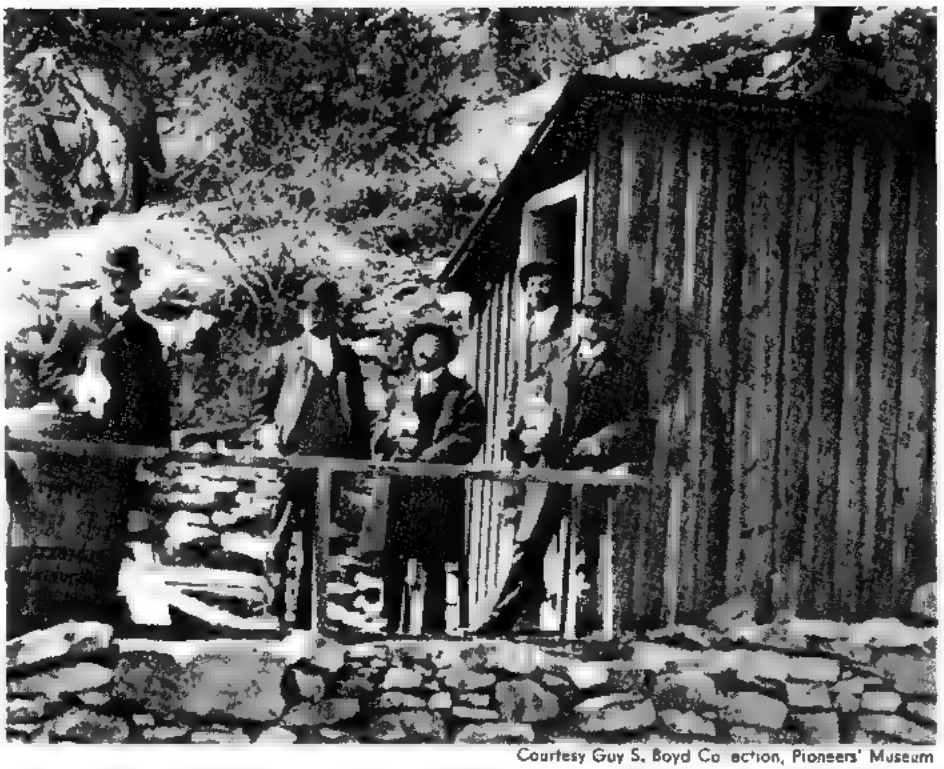
Whenever we came to something interesting, the guides lit magnesium tapes whose brilliant blue light lasted about a minute. The tapes were a foot long, very thin, and resembled pieces of tin. They made more smoke than the torches and lanterns, but you could surely see the formations while the light lasted.

I TRIED HARD to comprehend the facts the guide was giving to us. He said that the twenty-four rooms of the caverns were carved in Cave Mountain hundreds of thousands of years before,

Left, Guadalupe Dome, one of the more spectacular rooms in the Grand Caverns. Shown is the ladder that Elmer Snider, back in 1889, climbed to reach the platform to hammer out tunes on the Grand Organ. At bottom left is photographer Cloyd Brunson, and at center Guy S. Boyd, former traffic manager of the Cave of the Winds Company.

when water entered the limestone. Rooms and passages started to form when water seeped slowly through crevices, removing the firm rock little by little. As the openings were enlarged the water increased until it was river-like in proportion. Grit and gravel combined with whirlpool action to cut big pot-holes and domes. The rooms and passages were gradually deepened as the water forced its way through a lower outlet.

Much later, the guide said, the cavities were converted by nature into the present wonderland. The slow seepage of surface water through layers of limestone took up part of the lime in solution, and when it reached the ceiling it left small deposits of calcium carbonate. The constant drip and slow evaporation finally formed a good supply of stalactites and small delicate growths resembling plant



Courtesy Guy S. Boyd Co ection, Pioneers' Museum

This shed was the entrance to the Grand Caverns near Manitou, Colorado. The men are shown holding lanterns which each visitor was given to help light his way on the hour-long tour.

MUSIC

The cadence might be a little slow for present-day ears, but it thrilled the straw-hat and wasp-waist crowd

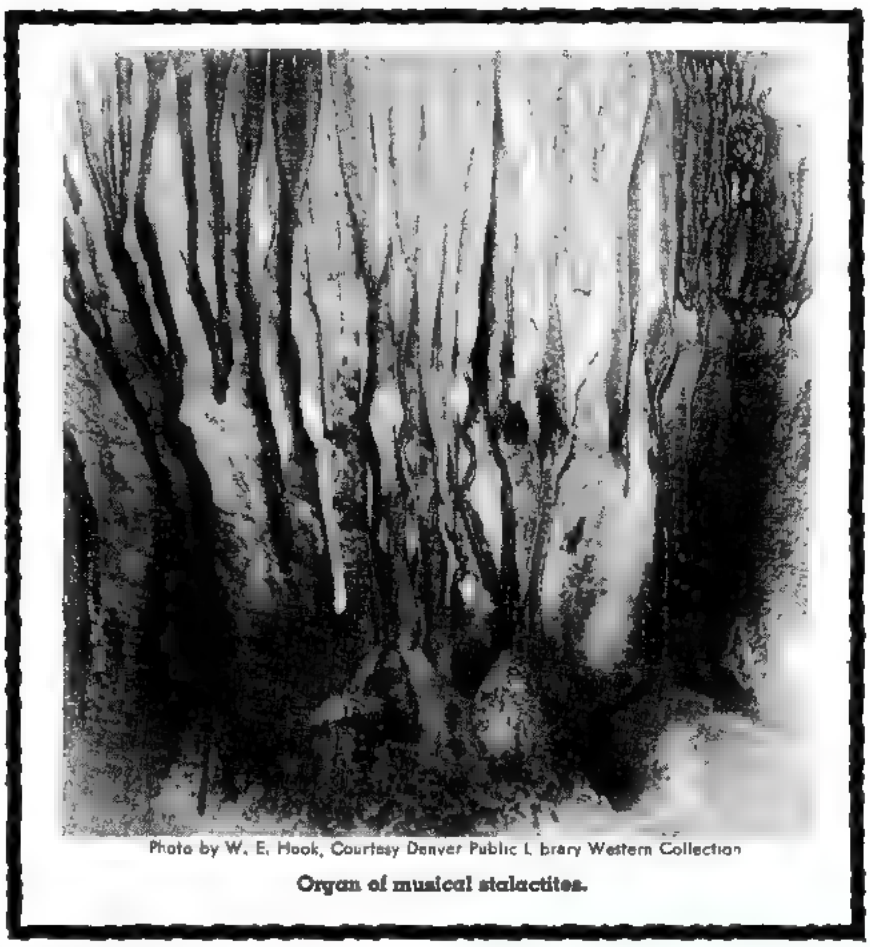


Photo by W. E. Hook, Courtesy Denver Public L brary Western Collection

Organ of musical stalactites.

structures. Stalagmites and other decorations were gradually built up when the moisture on the ceilings dripped faster than it could evaporate and fell on walls and floors.

The Grand Caverns were inactive, so the walls and walks were dry. We didn't have to stoop once during the walk. Surprisingly, the air was fresh. I was impressed with all these natural wonders, but I was still more interested in seeing and hearing the stalactite organ, and kept wondering if maybe the guides had forgotten to point it out; maybe we had passed it by.

We returned to the vestibule, and started off in another direction, back into Cave Mountain. Beyond a large chamber called the Opera House which was 500 feet long and had a ceiling at least 60 feet from floor level, we went up an iron stairway and into Guadalupe Dome. While one of the guides was describing the unusual room I was watching Elmer Snider ascend an iron ladder.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the guide was saying, "if you think you've already witnessed how curiosities and beauty have been blended by means of formations and hugeness into one of nature's magnificent creations, I assure you that you haven't seen anything yet!"

Elmer climbed a little higher.

"Ladies and gentlemen, how would you like to hear a selection played on a real stalactite organ?" the guide asked. "Just keep an eye on the guide climbing the ladder."

(Continued on page 53)

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Neighboring ranchers and their wives having lunch at the chuck wagon with some of Peter French's ranch crew in the days when French had a 120,000 acre ranch in central Oregon.

DEATH COMES TO

An ordinary bullet merely hastened what a lost love and an endangered empire had already started...

By BEN WERNER

IT WAS the day after Christmas, 1897, as Tebo Ortego told it later in court. As head *vaquero* of the P-Ranch in the Blitzen Valley of Oregon, he was opening the gate which separated Sagebrush field from Wright field when he noticed a stranger at the north gate. Motioning for the *vaqueros* to run the cattle into the new pasture, Ortego had ridden back around the herd looking for Peter French, owner of the P-Ranch.

"Boss," he'd called, "somebody's coming."

Peter French pulled up his horse and turned to look. The stranger had passed through the gate and was back in his saddle. "I know that s-o-b," French said to Ortego. "I'll take care of him quick."

Giving his horse a slap with the willow he'd cut to use in driving the herd, French rode off. Ortego followed shortly, holding back a little to oversee the movement of the herd.

There had been trouble in Oregon ever since the homesteaders had come, when the end of the Indian wars had made the white man's scalp safe in that part of the country. Twenty years had passed, and Peter French was involved in several dozen lawsuits with settlers to determine the ownership of Blitzen Valley land. To protect P-Ranch from what cattlemen considered the depredations of the settlers, Peter French had made a ruling that fall that nobody—absolutely nobody—was to come onto the P-Ranch holdings without his permission. This ruling had made him extremely unpopular with the settlers, and early in December somebody had taken a pot-shot at Peter—and missed. Plenty more would like to get a chance, it was rumored up and down the valley.

In the 1880s, things had been different. Then Mrs. French was in the White House at Peter's headquarters ranch; then the great house was opened to friend and stranger alike, with Western hospitality extended to all who came; then the neighboring ranchers drove for miles to bask in that hospitality, and remained to burn their brands in the logs around Peter's big fireplace.

ORTEGO was never quite clear on just what happened when Peter rode up to meet the intruder at the gate that frosty morning. Other people said, at the trial, that in the argument which followed, Peter had beaten the man over the head and shoulders with the willow

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

The White House which Peter French built for his bride, the lovely Ella Glenn, daughter of a wealthy California rancher.

OREGON'S CATTLE KING

Peter French

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

whip he carried, but Ortego hadn't seen that. He only knew that the stranger had whipped out a gun and, as Peter wheeled his horse, a shot cracked on the winter air. Then Peter slumped in his saddle, the horse reared, and Peter French toppled to the ground, to lie there, still and dead.

(Continued on page 50)

Wild Old Days!

NEW WORD IN THE WEST

By Don Buchan

BLIZZARD! This apt and picturesque word conjures up shivers and a sense of roaring wind and driven snow, almost as fine as flour, filling one's eyes and nose and making breathing only a series of gasps.

Try to think of another word as perfectly descriptive and you will find it difficult. But the word blizzard as applied to a howling snowstorm originated only 100 years ago.

Here's the true account, taken from the diary of the Rev. Mr. Romanzo A. Coates, a pioneer in founding the town of Spencer, Iowa. The Rev. Mr. Coates was the first postmaster there and also a Free Baptist minister.

His home was unusual because, although constructed of native logs, it had an upper story. During the winter months, Lephe Wells Coates, his wife, taught school in the upper room. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ridley arrived there on November 29, 1867. Mrs. Ridley —the Esther for whom Estherville, Iowa, was named—wanted her children to master the three R's. The Ridleys came after their children on March 9, 1868 when it was storming. The Ridley children called the snowstorm a "blizzard."

IT BEGAN as a family joke. One day Mrs. Coates was reading her Free Baptist paper, *The Morning Star*. It contained a story about a man named Mr. Blizzard who had a raging temper. Mr. Blizzard demanded—and got—hot cornbread with each meal. One day Mrs. Blizzard's oven failed and the terrible tempered Mr. Blizzard was so enraged he chased the family out-of-doors and they were compelled to take refuge in the barn.

Soon after reading this article Mrs. Coates looked out her window one day and said, "My, but this is a regular Old Man Blizzard of a storm." The Coates family had come to Iowa from a wooded section of Wisconsin and were unaccustomed to the terrible snowstorms that swept across the open prairie with such violence.

It became a household byword, used at every opportunity, and the Ridley children adopted it. When the Ridleys were back in Estherville, they continued to call a howling snowstorm a blizzard. A village wit used the word and carried it to the town of Spirit Lake and some thought it originated there. It first appeared in print in the Estherville newspaper, *The Vindicator*.

Franklin Wells Coates of Spencer became a well-known writer, and he used the word in various short stories which appeared in *The Youth's Compansion*.

Eventually it found its way into common usage and is now in our dictionaries.

THE TALE OF CUDDY FLOUR

By Berta Averett

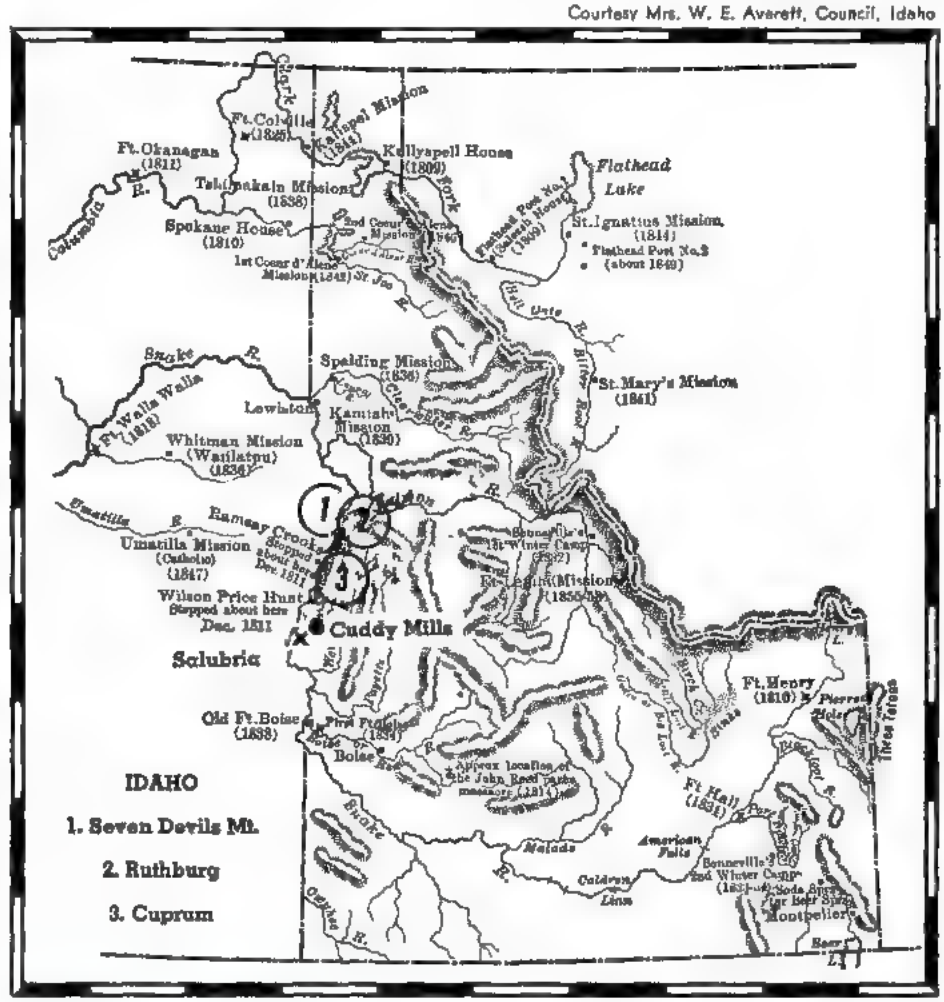
JOHN CUDDY, the youngest of ten children, came to America when he was six years old. He learned the machinist trade and, at eighteen, left Boston for California, sailing around the Horn.

He hired out in the mines for about four years, then went to the Puget Sound country and worked in a sawmill (Meigs and Company) where he became the head sawyer and superintendent over 300 men. Later he was engineer on a tug boat. Here he met another Irishman, Ed Tyne. They found things in common right away.

In 1865, when the gold fields were bringing people to Idaho and homesteaders were taking land along the rivers, these two Irishmen wanted to get in on the boom. They went to California and purchased a stock of general merchandise, paint, liquor, tobacco and groceries. This they shipped up the coast to Portland, then down the Columbia to Umatilla. From Umatilla it was hauled by freight to Boise.

They opened a store called Cuddy and Tyne's on what was the main street in Boise. Their ad was one of the largest in the tri-weekly *Statesman*. There were table and pie fruits and such items as candles, powder shot and caps. Their liquor stock was the largest and best ever brought into the Territory. Below the list of things they advertised were the words, "All of which we offer wholesale, cheap for cash, call and examine

Courtesy Mrs. W. E. Averett, Council, Idaho



our stock and see for yourself. Our motto is: 'Small profits—cash down or no sales.' "

It was about this time that settlers coming in to Boise told of grass chin high to a man on horseback and of big pines only seven miles from farmland. Homesteaders in Boise were building houses of cottonwood for lack of anything better.

Cuddy and Tyne sold their store, went to San Francisco and bought machinery for a sawmill and a grist mill. Cuddy selected as the site for the mill and his homestead, 160 acres at the base of what is now known as Cuddy Mountain. On the banks of a little stream fed by the melting snow of Cuddy Mountain, he built his sawmill. A half-mile flume was built to carry water to the eighteen-inch turbine.

Late in 1879 John Cuddy and Ed Tyne made another trip to San Francisco for more machinery, and Ed's two sisters came home with him. Dehlia, the youngest, had come to America in 1865. Dehlia met John Cuddy, and it wasn't long before John claimed her as his bride.

The first winter they were married their nearest neighbor was seven miles away. Mail came only once a week and snow was so deep they didn't get out or their neighbors in for three months. The people of the valley were glad to have Cuddy's Mill as before it was built, from fourteen to twenty-one days were required to haul their flour over roads that were really only wagon trails.

IN THE beginning many jokes were made about Cuddy flour. In fact, patrons said that the flour was dark and coarse because the millstones were upside down. Old-timers say it remained that way for years, until a couple of mechanics happened by and found the trouble.

It was in 1889 that Cuddy changed his grist mill to a roller type. Mr. Cuddy took three friends with him when he went to Weiser to haul it home. It took nine freight teams. On the return trip they camped at the Hitt place on Mann's Creek. Dave Allison had bought a paper while at Weiser, and took it out to read as they sat around the campfire. In it he found this poem, written by Seven Devils Johnson, a miner in the Seven Devils mining camp.

Cuddy Flour

I'm setting on a mountain high,
With blood and thunder in my eye,
For I've been trying for an hour,
To bake a cake of Cuddy flour,
But damm the stuff, it will not rise,
And that's why blood is in my eyes,
It's not because the dough's not sour,
For sour as hell is Cuddy flour.

Cuddy laughed as Allison read the poem. The paper explained that the poem was written in good spirit toward Mr. Cuddy, and was aimed as a farewell to his burr mill flour.

A lady who lived at Brownlee objected to the Johnson poem and wrote to the paper about it, signing her name "The Mono Miner." By this time the roller flour was on the market and Johnson wrote another which was published by the Salubria *Citizen*.

Reply to the Mono Miner
Here I am compelled to say
That Mono Miner went astray,
He said I did the flour defame
And call it every ugly name,
'Twas not the flour my dagger hit,
But bran and shorts and millstone grit,
And other stuff mixed in the flour
That made my even temper sour.
Although I'd rather praise than blame
No matter what the subject's name.
And when I know the flour is good,
By tests its merits understood,
I'll wield my pen to help it rise
In glowing tribute to the skies.

AFTER this poem appeared in the local paper, Cuddy sent Johnson a sample of his flour, and Johnson then wrote the following poem:

Cuddy Flour No. 2

Friend Cuddy now our troubles cease,
And we henceforth can live in peace!
The flour I've tried from roller mill
In every instance fills the bill.
No better flour was ever made.
By flouring mills of any grade.
Keep up your lick, and make good flour,
And in the land become a power,
For good that no one can deny,
Although they search with evil eye
Such flour as this in every place,
Would sanctify the human race,
Your customers would never cease
To wave the olive branch of peace
And sing and shout with all their power,
For roller mills and Cuddy flour.

These questionable works of poetry brought many laughs to the people of the valley, but for all the jokes, John Cuddy was loved and respected by all who knew him. The whole Weiser Valley is proud of this pioneer.

Courtesy Mrs. W. E. Averett, Council, Idaho

Boise, 1864

At the time of the poem exchange Cuddy's Mill was serving many towns which are gone now. There were the Cuddy Mountain Mines (Ruthburg, Mineral, Indian Valley, the Seven Devils mines about twenty miles over the mountain from Cuddy's). There was Black Lake Town, Curprum, Landore, Decora, Helena and Copperola. The Blue Jacket was a little town in itself. None of these is left now except for a few people at Curprum. Only four or five live there all year round.

We sometimes spend days at a time up in these old camps high in the pines. Trees are so thick that across the canyon they look like a great green carpet covering the mountainsides. The area is full of beautiful clear creeks full of fish, and so cold your teeth ache when you drink from them. It is now one of Idaho's many primitive areas where no man may build a road or a resort, where nature exists as God first made it.

A deer, an elk or perhaps a bear, a snowshoe rabbit, or the gray camp robber is sure to pay you a visit. Legend has it that the camp robber is the spirit of an old miner returning to see if his claim is safe, and if you're alone in an old camp digging for bottles, or on the bank of a lonely stream catching a mess of rainbows, you sometimes feel that just maybe the legend is true.

GHOSTS OF THE BUTCHER KNIFE GOLD RUSH

By H. M. Travis

WASHINGTON has a number of abandoned camps and towns, derelicts of the gold discoveries of the 1860s. Liberty, a small, quiet community in the Swauk Valley is such a place, backed by the high escarpments of Table Mountain. Located some eighteen miles north of Ellensburg, a party of prospectors in 1867 were following an old Indian trail and found gold particles. They named

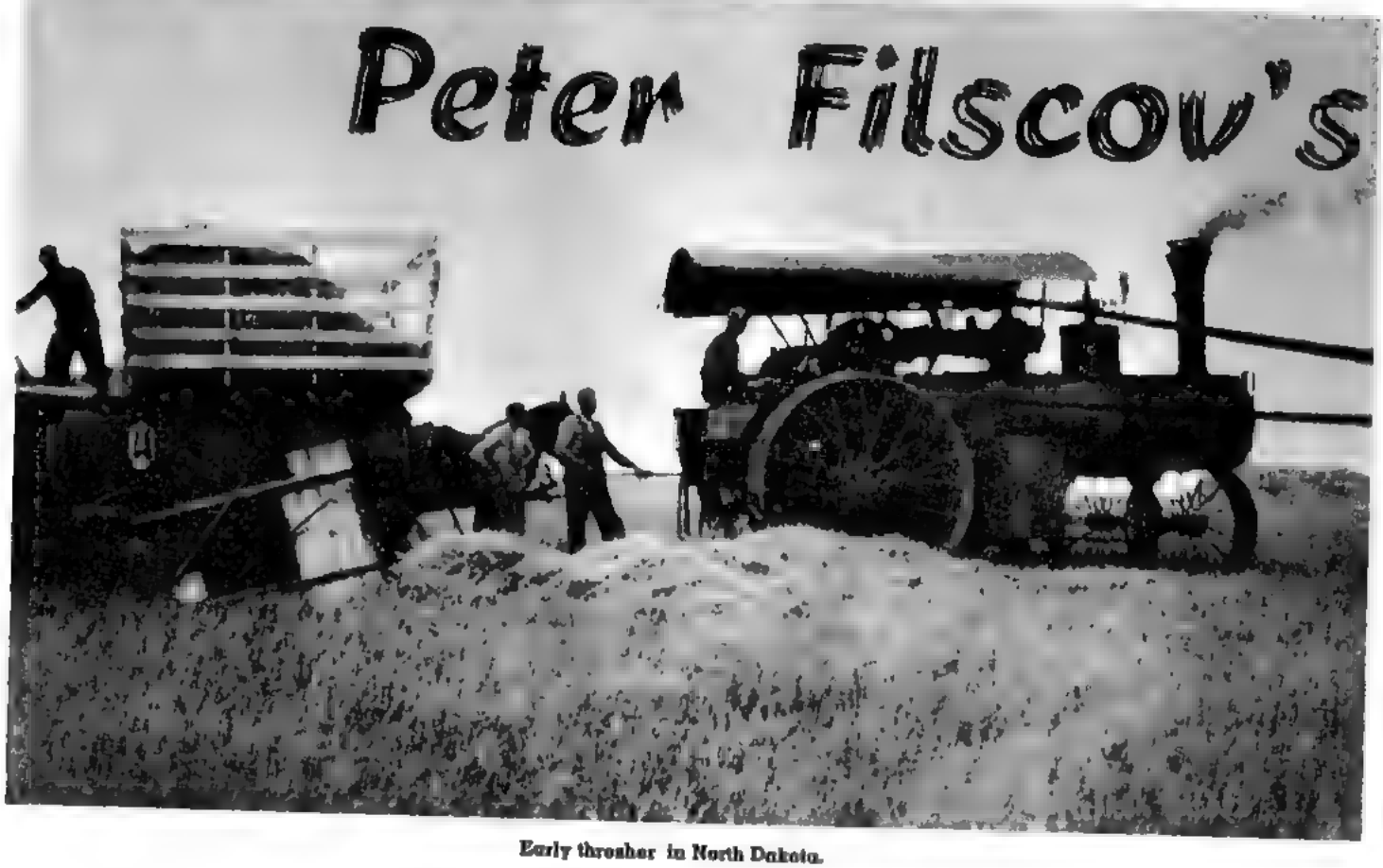
(Continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Filscov's

By RUTH L. REID

Photos Courtesy Author



Early thresher in North Dakota.

IN 1886, while North Dakota was still part of Dakota Territory, a hearty enterprising Dane named Peter Nels Filscov drove into Cando, a tiny community which consisted of a land office and the great Northern depot, to sign for a homestead claim. He had selected a tract of black land a few miles south of the present site of Egeland and intended to put down a well and build a farm that people would remember.

Peter Filscov was a pharmacist, drugstore owner, and Watkins agent and had been all over the rich Dakota prairie. From Grafton, a small community near the Minnesota border, he and his favorite horse, "Johnnie," had bounced around from claim to claim selling Watkins' household and drug products. Pete's wages were fifty dollars, plus fifty percent of the profits from all other agents he could secure.

Pete claimed Johnnie was the best horse alive—more than once the animal had saved his owner's life, pulling him across unmarked land through snowstorms so fierce neither could see more than a foot or two in front of them. All Pete had to do was give Johnnie his head. And more than once Johnnie pulled Pete from his claim to Grafton and back, a distance of ninety miles each way.

On his claim, Peter had the usual difficulties at first—building his plank-and-sod house, doing his cooking, breaking up the land. One of his neighbors, a highly respected widow named Mary Rein, was a big help. "Hard as nails and strong as a horse," Pete described her, but she was anxious to make something of herself and provide a home for her boy. She helped Pete with his cooking and he helped her with plowing and putting in a crop. Each spoke only broken English but that, in combination with Pete's Danish and the widow's native Norwegian, got them through.

Besides helping Pete, Mrs. Rein baked bread for single men and helped other pioneer women in the area with their household chores. Her methods were not always approved for, among other things, she fried liver too hard and mixed butter with her bare hands, but she truly was a responsible person and was loved by all who knew her.

Pete's commuting back and forth to Grafton was partly business and partly pleasure, for soon he had proposed to and was accepted by Frances Smith, a milliner whose shop was next to Pete's drugstore. She had been born "in a steamboat cabin out on the open prairie." The structure had been taken from an abandoned vessel on the Red River and hauled to her father's claim by oxen.

AFTER more settlers had taken up land near Pete's claim, a school was established (Pete having donated the land for it) and a teacher was hired to come in and give instructions to the kids. At that time, most of the single men in the community were living in the Paulsons' new house, where the teacher also intended to

Gold waited in the earth for determined men to discover it. Some used a miner's spade, others used a plowshare

Promised Land

Courtesy Ila Plemel

Lunchtime during threshing on Pete's farm near Grand Forks, North Dakota. Pete and wife stand at extreme right. Below, the Filscovs (at left) with some pioneer neighbors in a field of sugar beets.

Courtesy Ila Plemel

live. They ranged all the way from nice attractive fellows to an ugly, though decent, man who had a wooden leg and only one eye. The other eye was glass. He could not hear well, either, but he—along with all the others—tried to shine up to the new schoolmarm. However, she high-hatted the whole bunch of them most thoroughly, refusing even the friendship of Pete Filscov, whose wife temporarily had remained at her Grafton shop.

One night the men got back at her. While she was at a dance, they apparently persuaded her roommate, a local girl, to let the one-eyed, one-legged man sleep in the room's double bed. Very late that night (North Dakota dances started at ten and stopped at three), the schoolteacher returned and retired beside her "roommate."

When the teacher awoke the next morning she saw an unattached wooden leg leaning against a piece of furniture and—

(Continued on page 36)

THERE WAS A

One of our readers decided to "check us out." He risked time and money. Our risk was less— because Maurice Kildare was our author!

By ART GARWOOD

Photos Courtesy Author

IT IS FUNNY sometimes how things happen. I have some friends, Dick and his wife Zee. My wife's name is Betty. Dick and his wife came to see us one night. As he walked through the doorway he had an excited look on his face. He seemingly could not wait until he got hold of my arm and sort of pushed me out into the kitchen where he stopped under a bright light. He carried in his other hand a copy of TRUE WEST magazine. I surprised him when I produced a copy of my own. The story which he wanted to bring to my attention was the one on Dearborn Crossing. Most all people have hobbies of some sort. Mine happens to be reading about early days in the West—pioneer days. I have always had a desire to actually find gold.

At that time I was working in Helena, Montana. Dick and his wife lived out of town, consequently we did not get together for visits very often.

Courtesy Oscar E. Milot

Above, top: Art and Dick with their dredge, ready to go up the Dearborn River in search of the old town. Above, a view of Dearborn as it looks today. Right, Hubert Alphonse Milot's store, post office and home built in Dearborn in 1880, shown here in 1883.

DEARBORN

Treasure Sequel!

In the days that followed, when at work I would inquire of some of the old-timers if they happened to know anything about Dearborn Crossing and especially if they knew where it was located. I was surely surprised to discover that there were so many people who had lived in the Helena area for many years who knew absolutely nothing about Dearborn. This put my wife and me to thinking. This article in TRUE WEST magazine was said to be authentic, but was it?

I went to look up another friend of mine, Ben. Now Ben had lived in and around Helena all of his life and natives looked upon him as a sort of authority on bygone days. I was quite sure he would be able to tell me about Dearborn.

Ben actually did have some knowledge of the place and said that it was located not too far distant. That was the best news I'd had so far. But when it came down to the fine points Ben could not tell us exactly where I could locate the site mentioned in the magazine. His knowledge of it was more or less vague —just a recollection that Dearborn did exist at one time.

This uncertain part continued to remain on Betty's and my mind. We telephoned Dick and his wife, suggesting that they drive into Helena the coming Friday with the idea of spending the weekend on our search for Dearborn Crossing.

We got a large map of Montana and using the clues taken from the magazine, decided we knew where Dearborn *should be*. We loaded up our cars and started out. We had food, picks, shovels and sleeping bags.

There was a feeling hanging over us that we'd fail this first time and it would be a wild goose chase, but nevertheless we began with lots of enthusiasm. If nothing else we would enjoy being out in the open.

ARRIVING at a place called Four Corners, where there was a gas station, repair shop and cafe, we decided to stop for a bit of lunch—and maybe ask a few questions. Dick asked if he should be the one to inquire for it seemed that everyone I had asked about Dearborn en route had given me a funny look as much as to say, "You surely are lost."

Dick asked the cafe owner if he knew where Dearborn Crossing was, and we learned that we were only three miles from Dearborn River. The owner knew nothing about Dearborn town but we felt that when we got to the river we would be able to carry out our own little expedition. From the crossroads gas station we had a modern road down to the river —a bad sign as we were expecting to have to travel on some wagon trail should we ever get near the historic Dearborn.

By now all of us had the gold fever to a high degree—even thinking of what we would do if we struck it rich. Funny, what a feeling of that sort is like. It sort of peps one up. Fills one full of enthusiasm, blots out all the week-day troubles. All tiredness left us, and almost immediately.

It was quite a sensation to reach Dearborn River. Now we could relive the highlights in the magazine story.

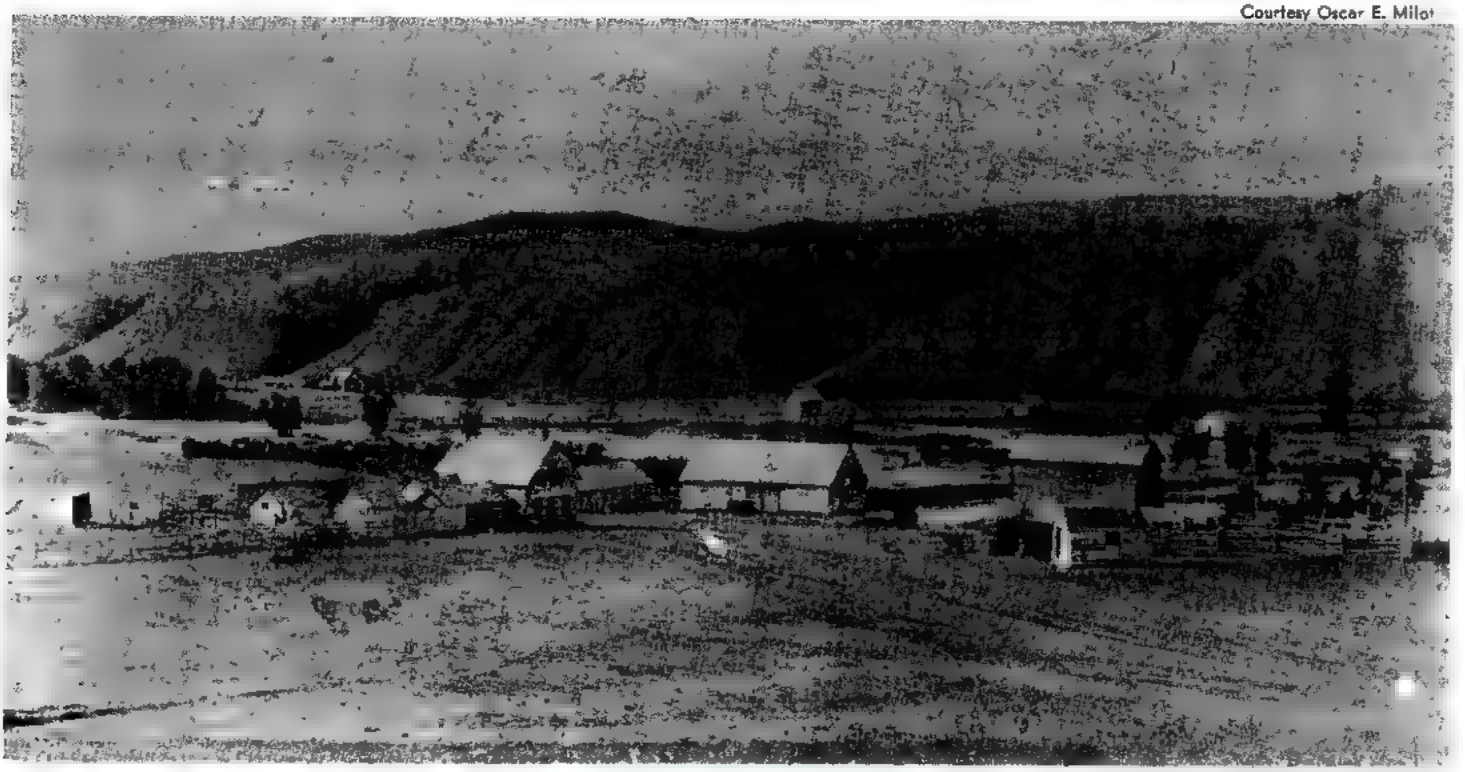
And then came disappointment. After reaching the river and getting out and looking around, the magic of it all started to dwindle. There were too many people —people fishing, people at picnics, and motorists just getting some sun. We were afraid that we were too much in civilization to be anywhere near Dearborn Crossing. All of us felt deflated. Our hope of finding gold was lost, for here we were in surroundings too modern.

Only Dick showed some spirit. "Well, we came out here to find Dearborn," he said, "let's do something about it."

But I think he, too, shared our feelings that the old town might have been just a hoax since we had not been able to locate one person who definitely had any information about it. Even the peo-

In 1878, Dearborn Crossing had two hotels, a stage station, a saloon and a school.

Courtesy Oscar E. Milot



ple we met at the river had never heard of Dearborn.

Yet somehow the looks of the river impressed us as being exactly like the river in the magazine story; that is, if it hadn't been so populated. Betty said, "I *know* there is gold in that river, but we'll never find it this weekend. Let's return sometime and start over."

THIS WE DID, two weeks later, and we brought along a portable gold dredge and a metal detector. This time we were determined not only to locate Dearborn but to actually find some gold.

When we reached the river we were ahead of any fishermen or family gathering. Still, we decided to go up the river to make our base camp. We wanted to be by ourselves.

Dick is a little younger than I am so after making camp he decided he was going to make a short expedition and said if he located anything of special importance he would double back and get us. The rest of us decided to use hand pans and try our luck for gold along the river bank. I kept at it steady but Betty and Zee could always find time to stop and examine some strange looking rocks, which of course were of no value.

In an hour or so Dick came rushing back. He had a smile on his face that reached ear to ear. He had discovered the City of Dearborn. We could not get back to it quick enough. It seemed impossible. But as we neared, behold, there was the old hotel and one other old building. Believe me, we were four happy people. Our expedition was a success. We had found our town. Now maybe we would find our gold.

The first thing we did was some *good honest looking*. We tried to put ourselves in the places of the people in the magazine article. We even ventured around the buildings. Dick went down into the hotel basement. We found that the back of the hotel had been washed away by a flood.

We soon got organized and started to use the detector. I was standing next to Dick when the detector gave off its signal. Sure enough, we had struck something! Our spade clicked as it hit the metal. We worked carefully. It was an old pie plate.

However, we did find some very old bottles which had value, and Betty dug up a jug. Zee discovered one small bottle with the label still intact—Lydia Pinkham.

After checking around the old townsite we came to the conclusion that at one time it had been a rather substantial town. Even though many years have passed, some of the trails are still present. The writer about Dearborn Crossing in TRUE WEST surely had to have been there to capture the word picture presented in the story. We decided the river is not like it was, that it had less water. And I doubt if anyone hunting for gold has ever seen a rock bed like the one we were looking at. If gold were lost or cached there years ago, then it surely could still be there.

It is funny how strong one is when he gets excited and enthusiastic. The way we handled our dredge, an onlooker would think we were professional gold miners. True, it was a rough job getting it up there but we were determined to try our luck. Dick and I could hardly wait to get it in operation.

Zee got into the water on one side of the dredge. I worked on the other side. Betty decided she would record our adventure for the future so she spent much of her time taking pictures. Dick took the job of diving.

The trout seemed to be actually tame. They acted as if they were trying to help us, or wanted to, and gave us the impression as they stayed nearby that they knew what we were looking for. The water was cool even during this hottest part of the year. But when one has hopes—especially of locating gold—who feels?

I guess professional gold hunters do not tell everything they know, so I won't either—except to state that our dredging experiences stretched out over a number of weekends and we plan to continue next summer. Yes, we found color. Who can say where it came from!

Maybe payday is just around the corner. But if it isn't, all of us have been having a lot of fun and excitement in the outdoors due to Dick's and my reading the same magazine. I doubt if many people check on writers to learn if his or her stories are true. Certainly that wasn't our motive at first. Our idea was just to relive some of the experiences told about in the Dearborn Crossing article. But adventure is waiting everywhere.

Peter Filscov's Promised Land

(Continued from page 33)

realizing with whom she'd been sleeping —she let out a screech that would have awakened the dead. That incident apparently cured her of the high horse, however.

After Pete and his wife were well established in a two-room wooden house with regular drop siding, Pete brought into the kitchen a baby mule which had lost its mother and tried to keep it alive by feeding it from a nursing bottle. Because it was a cute, ornery critter, the couple made much of it, petting it as though it were a baby. That was all right while it was small but as it grew, it wanted the babying to continue. Even after the Filscovs assigned it to the barn, the mule devised schemes to get back into the kitchen, even rubbing a hole in the screen door they had put up to keep it out.

"That's the biggest pest yet," Pete used to mutter. Even after it was nine months old it considered the house its home (as the saying went, "A home is a place where they have to take you if you come"). The young animal also ate everything in sight, including clothes from Mrs. Filscov's line, milk from the pails while the cows were being milked, and the hired men's lunches.

One Sunday Pete's wife invited Alfred Peterson and Hans Johnson for a fried chicken dinner with all the fixings. The guests had just been served when in came the mule and began emptying the plates, one by one. No shooing, shoving, or yelled commands budged it and finally the three men had to lift it bodily and chain it in the barn. But before they were seated it had pulled itself loose and was back in the house, dragging the chain.

Mrs. Filscov burst into tears as she tried to reassemble the remains of her meal, and the men carried the mule back outside, tying it more securely and locking the barn's strong outer door to keep the pest inside.

After that, Pete built a high-sided stall but the mule climbed into its manger and jumped over the high side into the next manger and got out. Anyway, despite all the trouble that mule caused, Pete wouldn't sell or shoot it. He loved equines.

JOHNNIE, the horse that had hauled Pete back and forth from Grafton, lived to be thirty-eight years old. Near the last it had to be fed cream of wheat and milk, much to the disgust of the hired man, Axel Johnson. The horse ate a whole kettle of the stuff, at least twenty-five quarts, twice a day. Once Axel threatened to shoot Johnnie but Pete warned him, "If you shoot that horse, I'll shoot you!"

Pete's friendly patience and enterprise, added to his confidence in the future, paid off. Of course, the phenomenal amount of labor he and his teams put into the claim were also responsible for his success. Often he worked steadily, day after day, from four o'clock in the morning until long after dusk. Soon a large, roomy house had taken the place of the two-room claim shack. His pioneer neighbors' homes changed too. I remember when my mother first visited me in North Dakota in 1920 she remarked with delighted wonder, "Why! Every farmhouse here is a palace!"

It was almost true. Impressive, eight-room, two-story gabled attics could be seen on each side of the fine graveled roads all the way from Grand Forks to Cando.

There had, indeed, been a fortune in the black soil brought down from Canada by prehistoric glaciers and deposited on the northern plains. That glacial drift and the final melting of the ice had formed the great Lake Agassiz Region along the Red River of the North and the fertile prairies to the north and west. Northern spring wheat, fine seed flax, potatoes that were second to none and, later, prime sugarbeets, enriched the owners of that homestead land.

In 1913, returning by train from a tour of three U. S. National Parks, I awoke to see those fields of harvested wheat. The great shocks stretched out as far as I could see as, hour after hour, the train chugged through the countryside. To me, no single view in any of the great National Parks had as much grandeur as the sight of that beautiful wheat. Peter Nels Filscov must have felt the same way when he surveyed the work he had done, the land that had responded to his work and will. I hope so, for it would have been a fitting and wonderful reward.

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SCHOOLHOUSE LYNCHING

This time the Three R's stood for Roughhouse Rafter and Regret

Pen and ink sketch of the completed schoolhouse where the Weaver brothers met death.

By IVAN L. PFALSER

Photos Courtesy Author

HARPER COUNTY, like many other Kansas counties which were born during the first two decades after the Civil War, was marked for trouble from the start. Its establishment and organization was an out and out fraud.

Under the laws of the young state, the various counties were created and their boundaries located by the state legislature well in advance of settlement. As soon as there were 600 inhabitants in a prescribed area, the law allowed them to elect officers and select a county seat. As a result all unsettled counties were prime targets for swindlers.

In 1873 Harper County's only "inhabitants" were a few roving buffalo hunters. Three of these gentlemen banded together and built a cabin on the banks of Bluff Creek. When finished, they bestowed upon it the official name of Bluff City. Inside the flimsy structure they set up a row of buffalo skulls, giving each one a name, and proceeded to elect the skulls to the various county offices. As proof of the number of required inhabitants, the swindlers prepared a register of over 600 names. With this document in hand, they appeared in the state capital and obtained approval for the final organization of the county.

When they returned to the Bluff Creek cabin the swindlers held another election to vote in $40,000 worth of bonds for building a courthouse and to cover other incidentals. Quite naturally, this passed with a whopping three to nothing majority. The bonds were taken to St. Louis, sold for $30,000, and the three divided the money and disappeared.

It was not until 1878 that the county was legally reorganized by actual settlers who cleared the county's name by paying off the illegal bonds.

Eight years later on the night of April 19, 1886, Harper County disgraced itself again, but for the last time, by the only recorded mob action ever taken by its citizens. It all started when a family named Weaver settled on a farm near the town of Danville. Comparatively well-to-do, the Weavers took possession of several quarter-sections of land. There was considerable talk at the time as to how they obtained possession, as there was no record of any money changing hands.

The three sons—Phillip, Henry and Oliver—ran roughshod over the other settlers and soon became the terror of the community. This boldness gradually turned to lawlessness since their parents backed them at every turn. The boys did not hesitate to intimidate neighbors who had desirable acreage, and many a settler abandoned his land. Hatred for the Weavers ran much deeper than they knew.

ALWAYS on the lookout for a fight, Henry, while in Danville one day, picked a fight with Dell Shearer. Though not suspected at the time, this was the beginning of the end. Shearer gave Henry a severe beating and sent him home. The next day Mr. Weaver and the boys were back in Danville looking for Shearer but he could not be found even when a reward was offered.

The Weaver brothers' gravestone in the Spring Grove Cemetery was erected by the citizens of Anthony, Kansas.

On February 22, a few weeks later, the boys met up with Shearer but Shearer ignored their threats and rode out of town. When he returned they were still waiting. In the fight which ensued, Shearer was shot and left for dead.

Sheriff I. P. Couch arrested the three boys and took them to the county seat, Anthony, for a preliminary hearing. Tempers were running high in the county and rumors were circulating about forming a lynch mob. As a precaution, county officials rushed the prisoners to Wellington where the nearest jail was located. Here they stayed for several weeks until things quieted down and word was received that Shearer was not dead.

On April 18 the Weaver boys were

(Continued on page 48)

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 31)

the site Discovery Bar.

The ensuing rush to the fields in that area was known as the "butcher knife gold rush." Men flocked in using pocket knives, kitchen knives or any other implement with which they could pry out the gold nuggets. The value of the nuggets ran from $65 to as high as $1,350 each. Then when the miners had taken off the cream of the crop, Chinamen from the mines in California arrived in 1884 to clean up the diggings of what was left.

In the 1950s Liberty had a population of about twenty-five persons. A tiny wooden building located on a boardwalk with steps leading down to the main street is what is left of School No. 4, where the last pupil left long ago.

John Churchill worked his claim, the Yellow Jacket, for nineteen years with modest success. So did other owners of Liberty's 100 mining claims. But at the present time the town may be doomed because its buildings are said to be located on an invalid claim—an "occupancy trespass" of federal property. The few remaining sourdoughs laid aside their picks and shovels to do verbal battle with Uncle Sam.

A winding, dusty road leads off the Naches highway to a second ghost camp, past Goose Prairie, a small natural meadow alive with the color of wild flowers in spring, acres of blue lupine and gay vanilla leaf. Elk feed on the creeping lichens. Then comes Bumping Lake, so named by David Longmire, a first settler, because of the broken appearance of the water flowing as though it were "bumping" along.

High in the mountains above the lake lies Copper City. It was in this region that Jack and Kitty Nelson came to spend their honeymoon and stayed for fifty years. The mining area is several miles square and is only accessible in the summer and early fall months, an annual snowfall of 204 inches keeping the road impassable the rest of the time. Here Ruben Root staked out the first claim, the copper being found in its native form. Early efforts to get the mineral to market proved to be too costly, and involved too much effort to be successful. William Carmack, who later filed on several claims, learned this when he had to carry out his ore on horseback to American River some twenty miles below.

The tumbled-down stamp mill, a shack or two and a two-story bunkhouse are the only buildings still standing at Copper City. There is an entrance on the latter which was used when snow piled so high that the door on the lower level was covered.

News of the discovery of gold on the Moses Indian reservation brought miners to Washington Territory from Colorado and Nevada. In 1886 the reservation was restored to the whites and the rush was really on! A mining district was formed and a smelter built at Colville, the center of activity. Okanogan County became the "Comstock of Washington."

Galena developed the gold fever. In 1891 a camp was platted. A forest road wound up Silver Creek through a steep-walled canyon whose sides are now pitted with abandoned mine shafts. It passes Mineral City, from whence a faint trail points to the Monte Cristo tic-tac-toe, three-in-a-row. All rose quickly to prosperity, and as quickly died down, although as late as 1898 some ore was being sacked and shipped to a smelter at Everett. It was near Monte Cristo that two men named Peabody and Pearsall took up two claims on the Fourth of July and named them the Independence and the 1776 in honor of the day. The Monte Cristo outdid them all and produced $6,000,000 worth of ore.

The ghost cities of Colville, Ruby and Republic are better known, but oldtimers do not forget the smaller sites like Kettle Falls, Peach and Wallula, most of which were buried by the backwaters of the dams on the Columbia River, their residents scattering to the four winds. Wallula was not a mining town but was the starting point for numerous pack trains hauling supplies and equipment to the miners of Okanogan, Powder River and on to Idaho. Wallula boasted the biggest number of saloons for a town of its size and the smallest jail!

BLOOD RAN ON BORDER

By J. Frank Dobie

I remember as a small boy hearing my elders of the male sex talk and talk about this "killing" and that "killing." Killings were as much a staple of conversation as the weather continues to be. One atom bomb has already killed more people, I suppose, than all the six-shooters ever fired in the West. The atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb are terribly, mechanically impersonal—and unromantic; the personality of a man with a six-shooter extends itself somehow to the instrument—and the gunman is supposed to be romantic, even when he is a thug murderer. . . .

It takes some imagination to go back to the most violent of times, say between the Mexican War of the 1840s and the end of Reconstruction about ten years after the Civil War ended.

Violence was nowhere more brutal than on the border of Texas. A true record of it makes some of the border ruffians loom up about as charmingly as Hitler's worst Nazis loomed up in their wholesale slaughter of Jews and other helpless and innocent prisoners. From here on I'm going to quote from the record left by Jesse Sumpter of Eagle Pass, who came there about 1851 and lived until 1910. Following are episodes from his unpublished reminiscences.

"A very small man by the name of Cain, a Jew who had built a store in Eagle Pass, was in the habit of visiting Saragossa and neighboring towns in Mexico on trading expeditions. On one trip he fell in love with a very beautiful Mexican woman. An American known only by the name of "Kaintuck," had also fallen in love with the same woman. This woman lived in Saragossa, and it so happened that her two lovers met in the same house in the town, and there got into a quarrel.

"Kaintuck was unarmed, but Cain had a pistol and a knife on. Kaintuck said to Cain: 'I am unarmed, but you are armed, and I can't fight you unarmed as I am.'

"At that, Cain pulled off his pistol and knife and threw them on a table, stepped away from them, and told Kaintuck, 'Now we are equal.'

"Kaintuck, at that, sprang to the table, caught up the knife, and killed Cain with his own weapon. Kaintuck was arrested, put in prison and guarded by Mexican soldiers. He bribed the guard to allow him to escape over the high wall around the prison. Maybe he did not know about the guard outside the prison wall; anyhow, when Kaintuck got upon the top of the wall, the guard on the outside shot and killed him. Cain's body was brought back to Eagle Pass for burial. (He was murdered in the name of fair play.)

"Among the desperate men in Eagle Pass at this time were Varnell, Wash Russell, Hek Rote, Hank Freeman, Bob Adams, Bill Johnson, and Bob Augustine.

"Hek Rote on one of his trips to Eagle Pass met in the street an old Mexican named Rodriguez from Saragossa, Mexico, and took away from him his horse, saddle, bridle, and a fine Mexican blanket worth about $50. The old Mexican made complaint to the officers; then his property was taken away from Hek Rote and turned over to its owner.

"The next day the Mexican came into my saloon, and was standing talking to me when Bob Augustine, a friend of Rote's came in. As soon as Augustine saw the Mexican he made the remark, 'There is the old . . .' (and ripped out a lot of oaths) 'and I'll knock his brains out,' at the same time picking up a chair. When he drew the chair to strike the old man, I sprang forward and caught it. He then let go the chair and started to draw his pistol. I dropped the chair and caught Augustine around the waist and thus fastened both of his arms to his sides so that he couldn't draw his pistol.

"While I was holding him in this manner the old Mexican was so frightened that he just stood and looked at us. By that time I hallooed at him in Spanish to run, which he did, but how fast I can't say as I was busy holding Augustine. I held him a good while, for he seemed to be quite wrathy at me. After a while he cooled down and said: 'We'll drop this and take a drink.' I then let him loose. That ended the matter. After Hek Rote left Eagle Pass I heard that he was killed.

"Bill Johnson on a trip to Eagle Pass killed the first sergeant of Company E of the First US Infantry at Fort Duncan. The sergeant was a very peaceable, sober sort of man, and very seldom came out of the fort into town, not more than once or twice a month. On this occasion he came down to the Hamilton Saloon, where several of us took drinks and cigars. I took a cigar. The sergeant was sitting on the counter smoking his cigar. Several of us friends were sitting around and talking to him.

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"Bill Johnson stepped up and caught him by both of his arms and jerked him off the counter, no word having been previously, at least just then, passed between them. I really do not know that Johnson had ever seen the man before. After he had jerked the sergeant down to the floor he kept jumping back and kicking him toward the door, all the while saying, 'Let me go! Let me go!' When Johnson got right in front of the door he jerked his knife and stabbed the sergeant in the breast. Then he turned him loose and jumped out of the door, and was never seen in Eagle Pass after that. The sergeant died a few hours after he was stabbed, in the hospital at Fort Duncan.

"Not long after that I heard that Johnson had killed a man in or about Waco; that the citizens ran him down; that he took refuge in a two-story building; that he fought them until his ammunition gave out; that he wounded some of the men who were attacking him, and that they hung him out of one of the upper windows of the house he was in.

"I heard that Hank Freeman and Wash Russell were both killed up about El Paso. Bob Augustine was hung in San Antonio during the Civil War. From time to time afterwards I heard of some of the old desperadoes being killed at different places, and, according to the best of my knowledge, they all died with their boots on."

Branded Logs and Timber Rustlers

(Continued from page 19)

"The sisters at the school."

"Catholic sisters?"

"Yes, man."

"But Catholics drink plenty."

"They say it is wrong for the Indian to drink because he gets drunk. They tell me never to drink because it is easy to get drunk." She was tossing pebbles in the river, flicking them with her thumb and forefinger, and keeping her eyes away from me.

"Well, why'd you come then?"

"My father make me for the drink you give him."

"Aw, come on, have a drink. I won't let you get drunk. I promise I won't."

It was then she turned and half smiled at me. "If you say so, man." She tipped the bottle up and took a little swaller off it and made a face, and it was a cute face she made and set me to laughing. So she laughed along with me.

I begun kissing her, and they was *some* kisses I give her because I'd got right fond of her already and she was a girl sort of made to be kissed like some of them are, Indian or white.

But that's as far as it went. She jumped up and says to me, "The sisters tell me I am pure till I am in marry to a man, an Indian man."

Well, I argued with her, figuring I was being taken in. But pretty soon I seen it wasn't so, and that maybe she wasn't like the others, having been educated some in a convent. Even so my whiskey was a damn long way from being wasted 'cause you don't often get kisses like she'd been giving, and I wondered a heap where she'd got her early training in that line.

By and by we wanders back to camp, me with still about a half bottle remaining, which is a powerful inducement to an invitation to supper, which was forthcoming right about then. She invites me over, and I pass around the bottle, first to her old man and then a couple of squaws, and they even give the little kids running around a nip of that firewater. I guess why it's so inducing to Indians and why they overdrink on it is because it's forbidden by the government. It's human nature to overdo on forbidden stuff right from the Garden of Eden onward.

Anyway the whiskey come back to me and I had another swaller and around it went again, even with this girl I called, by now, Rosie having a taste. Whiskey was better than any peace pipe I ever heard of. Soon had the Indians in a jolly mood, and I seen it shouldn't get any jollier, so time the bottle come around to me again, I made a martyr of myself by finishing it off—an' there was quite some left.

I kept watching Rosie trot around and help with the cooking, and she was some graceful and pert, bending over that fire and bringing me some venison and some of their coarse mush, which wasn't atall bad considering. And venison I always like. By the time I left that Wannassie family, I had that girl stuck in my mind so she wouldn't shake loose.

During the next few months I made many trips to that Indian camp. I'd got a real attachment to Rosie, thought her prettier'n any girl I'd ever seen including all the white ones, and begun to get it into my noodle I wanted to marry her. Couldn't have her any other way. All the boys hazed me a lot about Rosie Wannassie, but that didn't make no difference. I figured my money for whiskey was well spent, and I didn't like the looks of any of the other girls they had theirselves. It was only Rosie I wanted.

So I says one time, "How about us getting married, Rosie?" I'd give her quite a bit of whiskey that day, but not a half pint. She'd never drink that much. She'd got so she liked it some, but never took very much.

"No, man."

"Why not?"

"The sisters."

"Damn the sisters."

"The sisters say to me that I must marry to one of my race. That is the right way with God. It is a shame, the sisters say, that the American Indian is so fast die all the time because she marries white man and drinks whiskey and is easy for disease to prey on."

"I mean a regular marriage," I says.

"No, man," she says, and that was that.

THE ONLY JOB I ever been fired off of was that rafting, and it happened like this.

Boss says one night, "Reno, you like to stand watch tonight?"

I says, "I sure would."

"There ain't to be no sleeping on this job anymore," the boss says. "Today I found three blankets under that wood pile in the corner of the tool shed, and I have a pretty good notion what those blankets are used for. I am not accusing you nor nobody else, but I want you to understand that when I pay a man to stay awake and watch the boom, I mean he should stay awake."

Well, I nor none of the other boys had yet figured out a good reason why a night watchman was necessary on that boom, for they wasn't anything there anybody would want unless he was a mill owner—all the logs was branded anyhow. So I says, "It is too cold now to sleep without blankets, Mr. Greene, so how can I sleep on the job?"

"You could go home and get more blankets and come back."

I says, "I promise you, Mr. Greene, that I will get no more blankets," which was in a way the truth.

So, soon's everybody had gone off the job and it was very dark, even the stars covered by clouds, I take off my clothes and roll them into a bundle, wade out into the water, and swim across the Cowlitz River, swimming with one hand and keeping the bundle of clothes dry as I could with the other. I figured to sleep in the Indian settlement with blankets that Rosie's old man will lend me. And if it rains I will sleep inside one of the buckskin shelters, although I prefer the out-of-doors if possible, for the smell inside of one of them little tents with six or eight people sprawled around is not one that is easy to take.

Some of them Indians wasn't very clean, I guess, or else they just smelled different from whites. This was not true of Rosie, I will state, because at the missionary school or convent, never did learn which, she had been taught to wash often, and she was one of the few Indians who bought white man's soap, and she washed herself many times a day in the Cowlitz River. We raftsmen was mighty clean boys too because we washed eight, ten hours every day whether we wanted that much washing or not.

Well, sir, I did as planned, and was welcomed by Mr. Wannassie and given blankets and slept out in the open, and I slept right well too, never once having

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that boom on my conscience. But I slept too late. When I swum back next morning and went up to the tool house, Mr. Greene was already on deck, and he wasn't looking none too cheerful.

"Morning, Mr. Greene. You don't have a headache or something this morning? I just now went for a dip, everything being shipshape."

"It is, is it?"

"Yes, sir," I says.

"You looked out at the boom yet this morning?"

I looked out. It looked alright to me, and so I said.

"Does it?" says he. "You do not recall that as of last evening we had a completed raft right out there by the gate ready to be towed? Where is it?"

It was sure enough gone.

Mr. Greene suddenly loses all his calm and shouts, "Why the hell you think I pay you s-o-bs to stand watch? Where you been?"

The way we reconstructed it, the rustlers had run a tug upriver till they was close to the boom, then cut off the engine near shore and poled up close along the bank, drifted and paddled out to the boom gate, swung the boat around into position, backing her up and tying onto the raft, then drifted down with the current till they was well out of earshot before they started up the engine.

They could take her to some quiet place along the Columbia, some hidden inlet, break up the raft, saw off the butts of the logs where the brand was, and then peddle them in a new raft to almost any mill because they was a great deal of unbranded lumber being bought at the mill those days, lumber from the small outfits, so the mill wouldn't think anything about it.

This sort of rustling kept right on, getting worse and worse, till finally every log had to be branded and even the logging chains was branded, down to the smallest company. But the thievery kept on, anywhere from two or three logs to whole rafts. Finally up at Puget Sound they had to have a regular staff of deputies with a fleet of boats to keep lumber guarded, and they also begun the practice of branding them, not just in one place but four or five times all along the trunk.

We figured they must have been some feller on the inside who studied everything about how we conducted our affairs, and planned it pretty careful. He must of seen me swim off across the Cowlitz and knowed darn well where I was headed. At first Mr. Greene thought maybe I was the guilty culprit. But when Hank Stevens didn't show up for work that morning, it was easy to put two and two together and come out with the right answer. Hank Stevens always did look kind of fishy, not like a regular raftsman, too old and not nimble enough.

"Well," Mr. Greene says to me, after I told him I'd slept at the Indian camp, "looks like in one way, Reno, you ain't any guiltier than any of the boys sleeping out here on the job. You just had the misfortune to be watchman the night it happened. So looks like you'll have to go into Kelso and collect your pay. I'll make out a time slip for you. Unless you have something to say."

From the way he talked, I knowed I could stay on the job if I wanted to rig up an excuse, because Mr. Greene and I always got along fine and I was maybe his steadiest and hardest worker even though I couldn't spin a log like Art Pomeroy.

But then the water had been getting colder and colder, winter coming on, and soon the job would be over anyhow. Besides, that little Indian girl was too much on my mind. I knowed I could eventually get her to marry me, but I begun thinking a bit and wondered whether I wanted a flock of half-breed kids around the house. You got to think of them things. And what would my mother say? She wouldn't like it. Not a bit. She'd be pretty busted up about it.

So I says, "No, I ain't got nothing to say, Mr. Greene. This means I'm fired?"

"I guess it does, Reno. Yep, I guess it does."

Nor did I go back to say goodbye to my Indian girl. Much better to hook onto a boat and go back to Portland without ever seeing her. But I often wonder what become of little Rosie Wannassie.

The Oil Game

(Continued from page 25)

cuffed them, linked them to a log chain, and put them into a car and drove them to jail. The next morning they were turned loose and said they would "get" Bill Tilghman.

One evening a prohibition officer there named Lynn walked down the street, apparently drunk. Bill took his gun away from him and had started to put handcuffs on him when he (Bill) was shot and killed.

Lynn was arrested for the crime and found not guilty. However, he was fined fifty dollars for carrying a Colt .45 into the courtroom. The witnesses who might have been summoned to appear against him had all left town without bothering to leave forwarding addresses.

Eighteen years later, Bill Tilghman's widow received an anonymous letter written by a woman who signed it, "Your Friend." The letter stated that the writer was seated by a window and saw the shooting. As Mr. Tilghman was fastening the handcuffs on Lynn, a woman companion, who had been walking with Lynn, stepped behind him, pulled a gun from her purse, and shot Mr. Tilghman.

Cromwell today is a quiet and peaceful place, with shade trees growing over the spots where gambling houses and dance halls used to be. There are no wildcats being drilled around there now, but some of the old wells are still pumping.

The men who drive through Cromwell are in cars with glass windows in them and they don't pack guns. Maybe they are called "the bow-tie, brief-case boys," but under the white collars they are the same type as the roughnecks who tamed the towns and brought in the crude oil which kept the wheels turning across the nation.

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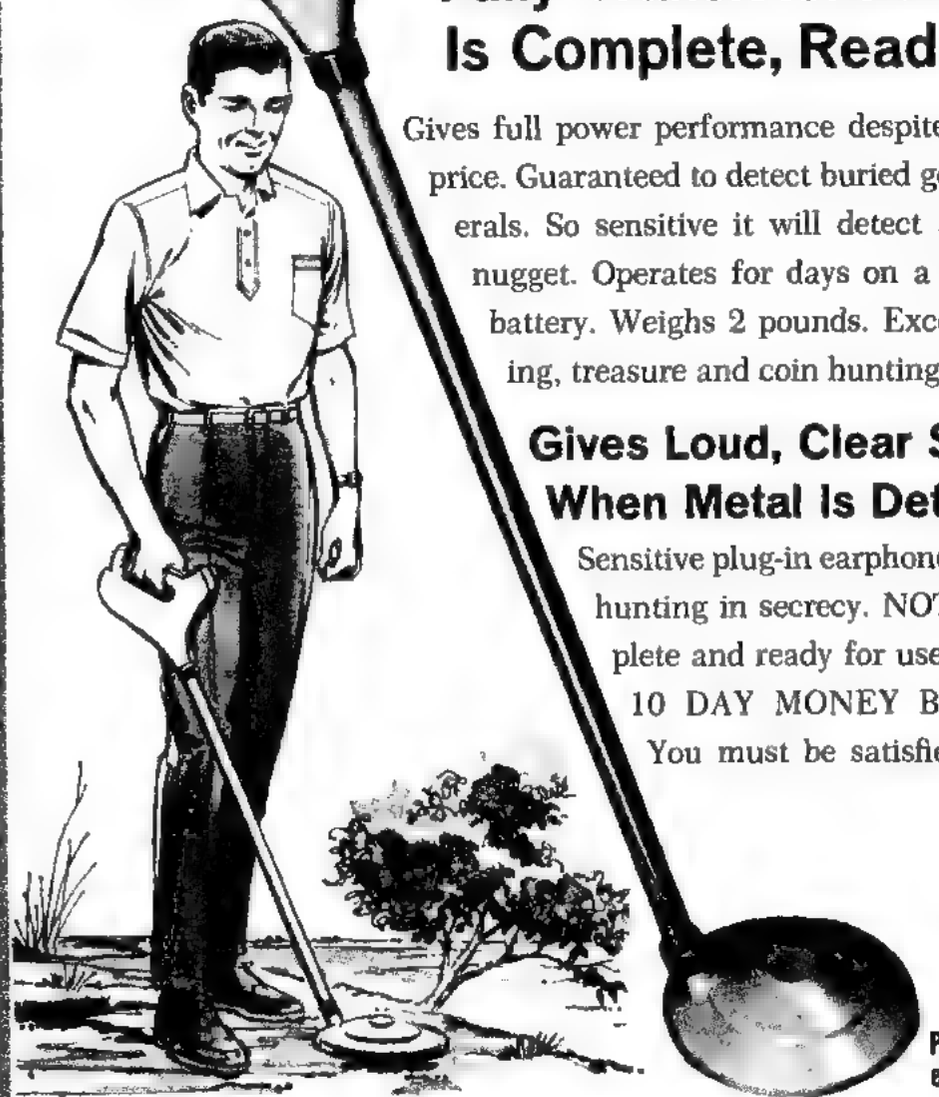

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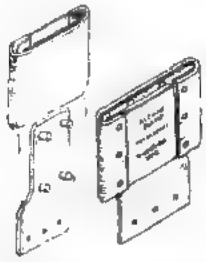

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The Loner

(Continued from page 9)

giving me a chance to answer Sibbald went on, "Lock up the garage. Get up here to the hotel as fast as you can. There's a man here with a black satchel and from the way he's acting I'm sure he plans to set off a bomb to blow up the Inn. I'll meet you in my office."

"John Bludworth," I said, "is due to drive up any minute."

"To hell with Bludworth! There's no time to waste. Lock up and get up here on the run!" Sibbald hung up. Mister Sibbald was a nervous, excitable man, and a rank coward to boot. An alarmist from way back.

I closed the garage, locked the gas pump and office door, put the key in the usual hiding place where John could find it, and headed for the hotel at a trot.

When I went into Sibbald's office his face was the color of fresh putty and there was a wild look in his pale eyes. "The man left here ten minutes ago," he told me. "He has a black leather satchel and I feel sure it contains some kind of a bomb. He checked in just before daylight. Came by taxi from San Diego. I want you to follow him, but be careful he doesn't see you. He might be dangerous. I'll be up on the sundeck with my binoculars, watching him, and I'll signal you if I think there's any danger. Now get going!" Sibbald had been talking in a stage whisper so that nobody would hear him.

It was the off season for tourists, and as far as I knew there were only a few guests at the Inn. A skeleton staff consisted of one bellhop, a day and night clerk, a chef, one chambermaid, and a couple of waitresses. The Inn lost money during the winter season, but the South Coast Land Company could well afford to take the loss.

I wore a pair of coveralls over my shirt and pants and was unarmed save for a jackknife and a pair of pliers I habitually carried. I headed up a bridle path, used by guests who rode horseback, leading to a long barranca with scattered patches of chaparral and thorny wild rose bushes. The slopes were covered with tall grass and all kinds of California wild flowers in full bloom. The night's heavy fog had left the grass and brush wet with dew.

Most of the summer cottages, like the Ann Hathaway cottage, Green Gables, the Keller home, and the summer cottage of the well-known author, Peter B. Kyne, were closed. The only home open was that of Maurice Ginn, of the Ginn Publishing Company, who published textbooks. Mr. Ginn and his wife and children lived the year round in the handsome dwelling which was located on a high ridge with a beautiful view of the ocean. His foreign automobile stood outside the garage. The Ginn family were late sleepers and no one was in sight.

As I walked around a sharp bend in the bridle path I met the man with the black satchel, face to face. We both halted not ten feet apart, and stood tracked. I could tell by the expression on his weathered, freckled face, and the look in his eyes, that he was as surprised as I was. He was bareheaded, his shock of brown hair, wind blown. He managed a grin.

"You caught me off guard," the man said in a calm voice. "I was out picking wild flowers for a lady I expect to meet in Del Mar." He lifted his black bag and and I could see where he'd cut open one end and filled it with flowers. "I lost the key to my bag," he explained. "Had to cut one end open to get the flowers in." His eyes were watching me to see how I was taking in his words, then he asked, "What brings you up here so early in the morning?"

I told him I was in charge of the Stratford Inn Garage. That Mr. Ginn had phoned me he was having trouble starting his car and asked me to come up to see what the trouble was. I lied, hoping the muscular built man in the whipcord gabardine suit would believe me. I pointed to the Ginn house and he could see the car in the driveway. "It's a foreign car," I went on. "A Fiat, and I don't know a damned thing about foreign cars. I got a Model T flivver I can take apart and put back together again blindfolded, but that lets me out."

"I'd like to rent your Ford for an hour or two to take my lady friend for a drive when she arrives by train—if it's for hire." He made the request sound off-hand and careless.

"I've never rented it," I told him, "but why don't you drop in at the garage where I work and we'll talk it over."

"I just might do that," he answered, giving me a faint grin and a farewell nod as he turned and headed back for the Inn.

I DON'T KNOW where I got the idea, but the way I figured it he was some kind of a bootlegger—that he'd cached a few bottles of whiskey in the brush when he'd cut open the locked bag.

Once the man was out of sight I took a look around. To lend an atmosphere of truth to my lie I'd stared across the barranca in the direction of the Ginn house. From where I now stood, the slanted rays of the early morning sun on the wet grass revealed as plain as the tracing on a landscape map the trail the man had left. I'd never been a Boy Scout in my youth, but I'd been raised on a Montana cow ranch and could read sign. That mysterious stranger I mistook for a bootlegger had left a trail that a near-sighted schoolmarm could pick up.

He had followed the bridle path up the brushy barranca for about fifty yards, then left the trail to climb the easy slope of the side hill that was covered with tall grass, wild clover, and wild flowers. The trail ended abruptly about halfway up the hill at a patch of manzanita brush.

There was something about the man with the ruddy complexion and the cold eyes that belonged to a man who had been around plenty and could take his own part. He had the look of a gambler, poker-faced, sure of himself. He'd seen my quick glance at the black bag, and

ELECTRONIC REPP

read my thoughts—that no man in his right mind would deliberately ruin a handsome leather bag to hastily stuff it with worthless posies.

I was sure that locked bag had held something the man had wanted to get rid of in a hurry, before he was caught with it. I figured it was either contraband dope from across the Mexican border or bootleg booze. The bag would hold a dozen bottles of Scotch in straw containers to cut the risk of breakage, so I decided the man was a bootlegger. I was sure curious to find the cache, so I headed along the bridle path in a leisurely way. I'd almost reached the place where the man had quit the bridle path to head up the hill when I got a sudden change of mind that stopped me in my tracks.

Supposing that hard looking gent was a bootlegger who had cached his booze under that clump of manzanita? Or a smuggler who had to get rid of contraband? He'd be suspicious of me and would be watching every move I made. The very thought of it was enough to make the scalp of my crew cut hair crawl. Bootleggers, rum runners and dope smugglers were dangerous, so I turned in my tracks and started back along the bridle path. And sure enough there was Mister Sibbald on the hotel sundeck with the field glasses, waving his arms like a windmill in a strong wind, frantically beckoning me to come back. There was no sign of the stranger.

I had to grin to myself as I headed back for the hotel, taking my time. Sibbald was sure scared, and I certainly enjoyed seeing the pompous little pot-gutted man stew in his own coward's broth.

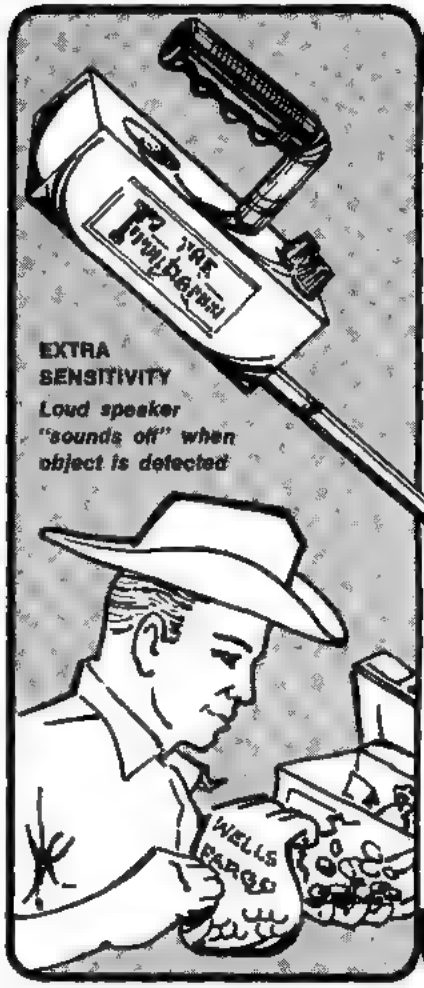
Sibbald had come down off the sundeck and was waiting for me behind the evergreen hedge on the ocean side of the Inn.

"That man was hidden in the brush!" he whispered. "He had a pistol in his hand and was watching every move you made. When he saw you turn back he beat you back to the hotel and went up to his room. You get back to the garage and stay there. I'm going to my office to phone the sheriff at San Diego!"

On the road John Bludworth passed me in his Model T. He had the throttle lever pulled down to the last notch and the tin Lizzie wide open, keeping his eyes on the road, looking neither to the right nor left. There was a grim look on his face as he passed without seeing me, and I watched him make the left turn into the hotel driveway as if he meant business.

I unlocked the office and opened the doors to the garage, and when I unlocked the gas pump, the Stratford Inn Garage was officially open for the day.

The phone did not ring that morning, nor did John show up, which was unusual. A few cars stopped for gas and I checked the tires, wiped the windshields, and put water in the radiators, which was all a part of my job. It was nearing the noon hour and I was about to close the garage and go up to the Inn for lunch when the phone rang. It was John Bludworth.



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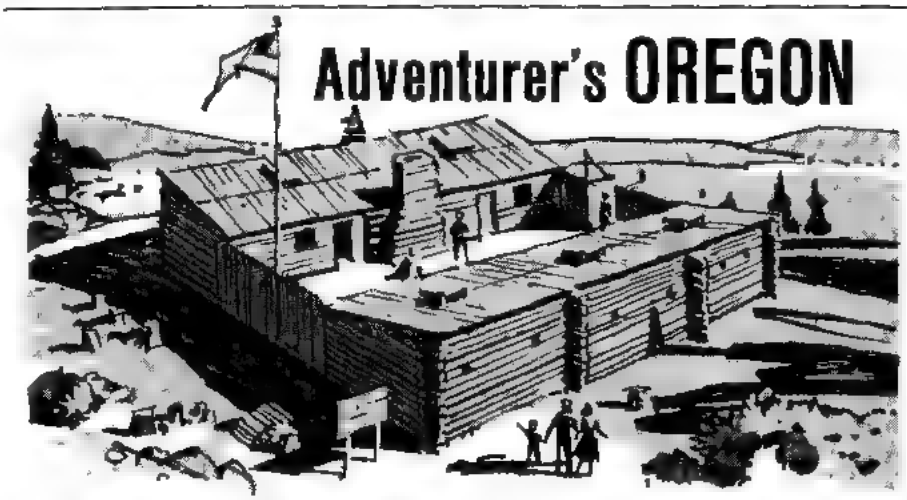

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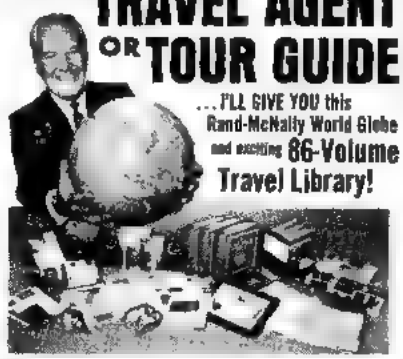

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"Close up the garage," John spoke in his usual calm voice. "Come up to the hotel. I'll be here in the manager's office." And he hung up on that mysterious note.

WHEN I got there, I saw the sheriff's car parked in the driveway behind John's Model T. In the office were John Bludworth, Under-Sheriff Oliver Sexton, and a swarthy-faced man in plain clothes who I later learned was Detective Joe Lopez. Between Sexton and Lopez sat the man I had talked with that morning. He was lazing back in an armchair, legs spread out, smoking a cigarette, a faint grin on his lips, his eyes wary. His brown hair, sprinkled with gray, was neatly combed and brushed, and he wore the same whipcord gabardine suit. But now there was a Masonic emblem in his coat lapel which I had not noticed before. The black bag, with the wilted wild flowers sticking out the cut end, was on the hotel manager's desk, but Mister Sibbald was conspicuous by his absence.

When I looked at the man, obviously under arrest although he wore no handcuffs, I felt the wariness in his cold, gray-blue eyes as he gave me a careless glance.

"This is the young feller," John Bludworth broke the tense silence, "who runs the hotel garage, Sheriff."

Oliver Sexton got to his feet, tugging at the wide brim of his gray Stetson hat. He wore high-heeled black, custom-made, cowboy boots. He was a tall handsome man who had the earmarks of a cowpuncher, which he was. He owned a sizeable cow outfit in the back country near Warner's Hot Springs.

"Let's go," the under-sheriff said after he'd asked me a few questions.

"Think we'll need to handcuff this man?" Joe Lopez asked.

"It won't be necessary," Sexton said, eyeing the prisoner at his side. "Not yet. John Bludworth has his gun."

When we got outside I was told to lead the way to where I'd met the man that morning. John and I walked a little way ahead of the law officers from San Diego, who kept the prisoner between them. Nobody spoke until we reached the spot where I'd met the stranger.

"I just don't know," the man said when we halted, "what the hell this is all about. Like I told you before, I'm a married man meeting another woman at Del Mar." He looked into Sexton's eyes meaningly, fingering the Masonic emblem in his lapel and cutting a look at the Masonic ring on Sexton's hand.

"We'll discuss that later," the under-sheriff replied coldly. "Lopez, take this young fellow on up to the manzanita bush he told us about. See what you can find out."

Sexton and Bludworth, with their prisoner between them, walked back a short distance to a higher spot where they could watch Detective Lopez and me.

"According to the hotel manager," the detective said to me, "this man you met this morning carried a black leather bag that had been cut open at one end. What condition was the bag in when you met him?"

"Cut open at one end. Stuffed with wild flowers."

"The hotel manager, who was watching you from the sundeck, said that when you and the man parted, he hid behind some brush with a gun in his hand, watching your movements. When you turned back he headed back for the hotel. Whatever that locked bag, with the lost key, contained, it had to be disposed of immediately. You have any idea where the man hid it?" the detective questioned me.

I told Lopez I'd take him up to the end of the man's trail, but that I had no idea where the cache might be buried —that I figured the man was a bootlegger and had buried some whiskey somewhere.

I kept my eyes on the slope as I led the way along the bridle path. The sun had long ago dried the dew, thus destroying the plain trail the man had left when he'd quit the path, and from the looks of both sides of the barranca, the tall grass and wild flowers had been tromped down, thus wiping out any footprints.

Lopez said that Mister Sibbald had told them that some teen-aged kid and the man in charge of the riding stable had been up there riding around. I knew that would be the Britisher, Dobson, and one of the kids who hung around the barn, but I kept that opinion to myself.

The horseback riders had done a good job of wiping out all sign the man had left, but I finally managed to spot the manzanita clump I'd seen that morning. "There she is, Mister," I said. You can see the fresh pile of dirt where he buried the cache."

JOE LOPEZ pushed me aside and got down on his knees under the manzanita bush, digging carefully with both hands until he uncovered the cache. It was all in one bundle, wrapped up in a black-smeared towel. Buried also was a bloodstained B.V.D. knee length union suit, a theatrical make-up box containing black grease paint, part of a gauze bandage roll, and some adhesive tape.

The detective stood up, holding the bundle aloft, and shouted jubilantly, "I got it, Sheriff!" There was a grin of satisfaction on his face.

From where we were I could see Sexton and Bludworth close in on the prisoner, and by the time Lopez and I got back they had him handcuffed. The man in the tailored whipcord suit and polished tan shoes, with the Masonic emblem in his coat lapel, had the same sardonic grin on his lips, the same defiant look in his cold eyes. His face had lost none of its ruddy color. An unlit cigarette hung from the corner of his mouth.

"We might as well take the prisoner to town and book him," Under-Sheriff Oliver Sexton said. "You better come along into San Diego with us, John."

I tagged them as they walked back and put the prisoner in the sheriff's car. John Bludworth went into the hotel to fetch the black bag and was met by Mister Sibbald, who was feeling his im-

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portance and asking a lot of damnfool questions until John shut him up.

"Dry up, Sibbald!" he said, and added, "And keep all this strictly confidential."

John asked me to drive his car to the garage, saying he'd pick it up later, and said he appreciated the help I'd given, the only one of the law officers who took the trouble to thank me for finding the cache.

I watched the sheriff's car until it was out of sight, then drove John's tin Lizzie to the garage, and opened up for business as usual. Even then I didn't know what the hell it was all about. And didn't until Al Howarth, the engineer at the power house, showed up with the late edition of a San Diego paper.

There it was in bold, black headlines, on the front page. The daring robbery last night of the San Diego mail truck by a lone holdup man, armed with a Colt automatic and disguised as a Negro. The loot stolen from the registered mail sack was valued at $85,000.

The driver of the mail truck said the robber with black grease paint on his hands and face had cut himself in the thigh with the blade of his jackknife, as he slashed open the mail sack. No trace of the lone mail robber had been found at press time, but the sheriff had roadblocks set up, and more information would be available later.

When I went over to Marks Store for a candy bar and a coke, Mr. Marks told me that a stranger had come into his store early that morning and had purchased a B.V.D. union suit, a roll of gauze bandage, some adhesive tape, and three packs of cigarettes. Marks said he had never seen the man before and thought he was a hard-looking customer. The description fitted the man I'd met and talked to, as did the meager description the driver of the mail truck had given, so I added it all up and figured that Mister Sibbald's bomb man was the lone mail robber, and that the cache I'd found was the $85,000 in registered mail. But I kept that conclusion to myself, because Oliver Sexton had warned me to keep everything that had happened that morning on the Q. T.

So I did as I was told, but I was pretty excited.

JOHN BLUDWORTH arrived back in Del Mar by police car later that evening. I was just closing up for the night, and John and I sat in the office while he brought me up to date. He said that since it was a federal offense, the sheriff had to turn the prisoner over to the United States marshal—that the man had been questioned and cross-questioned all afternoon. He'd admitted the name on the hotel register was false, but refused to give his real name.

I told John about the man being in Marks Store early that morning, and he sent me over to fetch Mr. Marks to answer a few questions. John and Mr. Marks were good friends and John found out everything he wanted to know.

John said when he drove up to the garage that morning the telephone was ringing, so he'd unlocked the office. It was the San Diego sheriff, and he reported to John about the mail truck robbery pulled off by a lone man disguised as a Negro, and that a taxi driver had called the sheriff to say that he had driven a man early that morning to Del Mar. The taxi driver said the man was carrying a black bag, had given him a five dollar tip, and had entered the Stratford Inn.

The sheriff told John to take a look around, on the off chance that he might be the robber, warning John that the man was armed and could be dangerous. The $85,000 loot from the registered mail sack was the biggest mail robbery on record for that part of southern California.

John said he got in his car and drove to the hotel. He said he had seen me on the road but was in too much of a hurry to stop. When he got to the hotel Mister Sibbald was in a lather—he was sure the man who had come in a taxi and registered that morning had a bomb in the black bag he carried and probably meant to blow up the hotel. Sibbald told John about the man taking a walk, about me following and talking to him, about the black bag being cut open at one end and stuffed with wild flowers. Sibbald said he had watched from the hotel sundeck with binoculars and that the man hid behind some brush, with a gun in his hand, watching me as I walked farther on up the bridle path, and that when I turned back the man walked back to the hotel and went up to his room.

Sibbald said he had been trying to

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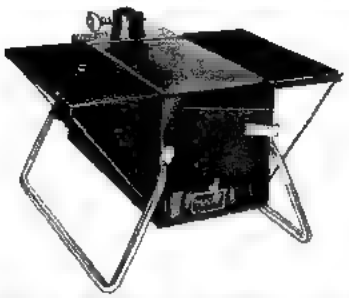

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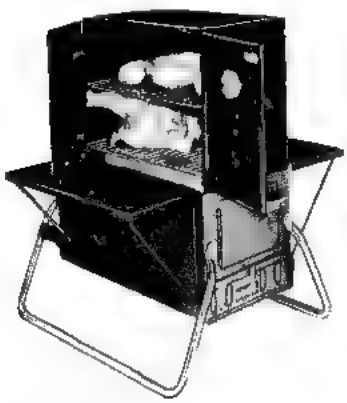

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get the sheriff of San Diego on the phone, but the line had been busy. John told Sibbald to stay in his office, not get underfoot, and he'd handle the situation.

JOHN BLUDWORTH, veteran law officer, played his own hand after his own fashion. He had the knack of making himself unobtrusive. He waited in a far corner of the hotel lobby until the man came down the wide stairway and headed for the front door which led out to the long wide veranda. John managed to intercept him in such a way as not to arouse his suspicions even though a nickel-plated deputy sheriff's star was pinned to John's vest.

"The hotel manager," John smiled disarmingly, "is a sort of nervous man. He saw you walking around outside with your bag and thought you were about to leave without paying your room rent."

The man grinned and shook his head. "I've been out picking wild flowers. I'm expecting a lady friend to meet me here. I'm on my way down to the Santa Fe Depot to meet the train from Los Angeles."

"It's due about noon time," John said. "You have about three hours to wait. Do you carry a gun?"

"Only for protection. Want to see it?"

Before he could reach for the gun in his hip pocket John's .38 Police Positive was out. For a man nearing sixty years of age, John could move fast. His left hand had lifted the Colt automatic from the man's hip pocket, and when John stepped back quickly he had both guns.

The whole scene had taken place behind one of the wide pillars near the foot of the stairway in an empty lobby, with no loud talk, nor even a brief scuffle. John told the disarmed man that he wasn't under arrest, but if he had no objections they'd step into the manager's office and talk things over.

"You have a permit to carry this gun?" John asked. "It's a California law that all hand guns be registered."

"I just bought the gun yesterday, at a hock shop. I didn't know you had to register a hand gun," the man answered in a calm voice.

"If that's the case, I'll keep it in custody for now. It will make the hotel manager feel more at ease about you." John shoved the automatic into his hip pocket, shoved his own gun back into its left-handed scabbard, and took the man into the manager's office.

John said that he had kept a safe distance from his erstwhile prisoner because the suspect was young, husky, and active, and under that cool, calm front he knew the man was tough and dangerous.

Sibbald was nervous as a cat on a hot griddle, so scared he was shaking. But he did a lot of blustering to cover up his cowardice.

"Bludworth," Sibbald's voice was shrill, "you're the deputy sheriff at Del Mar. I'm ordering you to arrest this man. He's armed and his suspicious actions are a menace to the guests. Handcuff him! Take him to San Diego and jail him! I'll be there at the sheriff's office to prefer charges!"

"Take it easy, Sibbald," John answered. "I know my duty as a peace officer. I take my orders from the sheriff of San Diego County, not from you. So far, this gentleman has done nothing to warrant arrest. He'd have the right to sue you and the South Coast Land Company for false arrest. Let me talk it over sensibly with this gentleman—alone."

SIBBALD was fit to be tied when he stomped out of his office. John kept the big, flat-topped desk between the man and himself as they sat in leather armchairs and talked. The suspect was outwardly composed, except for smoking one cigarette after another.

In answer to John's casual questions regarding his identity, home and occupation, the man talked freely enough. He admitted the name and address he'd signed on the hotel register were false, because he was a married man and the woman he was to meet at Del Mar was also married, and he wasn't willing to reveal his real name to anybody. As for his occupation, he told John he was a oxyacetylene welder by trade.

John's questions about San Diego were as off-hand and casual as the answers he'd been given. But by noon John figured he'd caught the suspect in enough contradictions to notify the sheriff in San Diego.

John consulted his watch and announced that it was time for noon dinner and invited the man to eat with him in the hotel dining room. John managed to call Sibbald off to one side and tell him to call the sheriff at San Diego to send a police car out right away.

"You've arrested him?" Sibbald whispered.

"Protective custody, let's say," John answered. "I want that police car as quick as it can get here. They should make it by the time we've finished eating."

John told Sibbald nothing about the sheriff's call that had sent him to the hotel that morning—nothing about the mail truck holdup last night shortly before midnight, too late to reach the newspapers.

John and the stranger ate at a table for two. The waitress, a neat, middle-aged woman, handed them menus and filled their water glasses from a heavy cutglass carafé that she set back in the middle of the table. Her name was Nellie and she and John Bludworth were friends of long standing.

"That special sirloin is a good bet, Sheriff," Nellie voiced her opinion. I'll tell the chef it's for you and your guest and he'll give you a pair of choice cuts sourpuss Sibbald was saving for himself and Madame Queen. How's that suit you?"

"Fine, Nellie, fine," John said, smiling. "How about you, Mister?"

"Okay by me," the man agreed and drank slowly from his water glass. When Nellie had disappeared to the kitchen, the man refilled his empty glass from the carafé, and set it down within his easy reach.

Just as Nellie returned with two cups of coffee, John took a long drink of water which emptied his own glass, reached out a long arm and picked up the carafé, filled his glass and set the bottle down deliberately alongside his coffee cup, out of the suspect's reach.

"Next time you need a drink of water," the deputy sheriff grinned faintly, "pass your glass and I'll fill it." The eyes of the two men met and held across the table. No further words were needed. The prisoner had gotten the message.

John told me it didn't take a mind reader to figure out what the suspect had for a desperate plan. That cut glass water bottle was a dangerous weapon in the grip of a husky man. One swift, quick blow on the head could mean a cracked skull. The man could have armed himself with the two guns and made a quick getaway before the sheriff's car arrived.

The sirloin steaks were the best, John said, but with both men under nervous tension, the excellent dinner lost some of its flavor. Nellie was serving the dessert when John caught a brief glimpse of Under-Sheriff Oliver Sexton entering the hotel lobby.

John escorted his prisoner back to the manager's office where the tall undersheriff and the plain-clothes detective, Joe Lopez, were waiting. Both officers were schooled in the science of cross-examination. Between them they knew every trick, and John said it was only a matter of time until the prisoner became trapped in the lies he was handing out.

IT WAS LONG past closing time. I'd already locked the gas pump and garage doors. The only light was in the office where John and I sat talking. Then the phone rang. It was the sheriff of San Diego County and he did most of the talking. John told him about the suspect purchasing a new set of B.V.D.s and a roll of bandages and adhesive at Marks Store. When John put the receiver back on the desk phone, he sat back with a satisfied smile.

"They found out the man's real name," he said. "He's Roy G. Gardner, and he was arrested in San Francisco for grand larceny in December, 1910, and sent to San Quentin for five years. He was paroled in September, 1913. Now after behaving himself for almost seven years he's in trouble again, and this time they'll throw the book at him."

The deputy got slowly to his feet, yawning and stretching.

"It's been a long day, Walt," he said with a tired, satisfied smile. "Time I headed for home, before the missus gets to worrying about what's become of her old man. I'll probably have to appear in court at ten o'clock in the morning when Gardner comes up for a preliminary hearing. Thanks again for the help you've given me and the sheriff's office."

Despite the fact that John Bludworth was tuckered out physically and mentally, he was vastly, and rightly, proud of having done an excellent job as a veteran law officer. It was there in the youthful spark in his eyes, and

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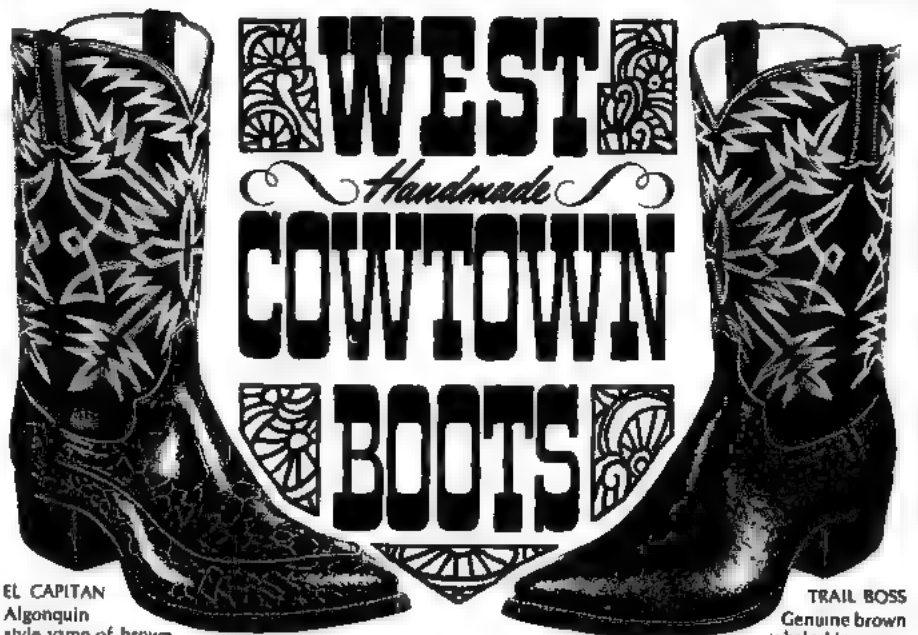

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in his long-legged stride. After all was said and done, he was the law officer who, single handed, had captured Roy Gardner.

In due course of time the mail robber was sentenced to twenty-five years at McNeils Island Penitentiary near Seattle, Washington. But en route to the prison on June 7, 1920, Roy Gardner escaped from a moving train near Portland, Oregon.

He remained at liberty almost a year, and was credited with many daring robberies, largest of which was the theft of $175,000 in securities from a train near Roseville, California, where he was captured on May 23, 1921, while playing cards.

When another twenty-five-year sentence was tacked onto his previous one, Gardner told the court, "I'll escape again."

On June 11, 1921, while en route to McNeils Island Penitentiary in charge of a deputy U. S. marshal and a guard, Gardner escaped from the train, through the aid of a confederate, at or near Castlerock, Washington, at about one in the morning. After eluding a posse for seven days, he was recaptured at Centralia, Washington, and actually placed in prison.

Leaving a companion slain in a gun battle, he bolted from the prison on September 2, 1921, and remained at liberty until November 15, when he was overpowered by a mail clerk while attempting to rob a mail car near Phoenix, Arizona.

Meanwhile, there was the question of the U. S. Government reward for the capture of Roy A. Gardner in connection with the San Diego mail truck robbery on April 29, 1920.

Mister Sibbald, manager of the Stratford Inn at Del Mar, filed his claim for the entire reward, maintaining Deputy Sheriff John Bludworth, Under-Sheriff Oliver Sexton, and Detective Joe Lopez, were salaried law officers, paid to do their duty, and had no right to any part of the reward. He had a lawyer draw up a petition to that effect.

But John Bludworth had gotten word what Sibbald had in mind and had a lawyer draw up a petition that it was he who had, single handed, placed Roy A. Gardner under arrest, and my name was on John's petition, along with others who were aware of the facts.

When Mr. Sibbald wanted me to sign his petition I had the satisfaction of telling him that I'd already signed John Bludworth's petition. And when he threatened to fire me on the spot, I told him he had better take it up with the South Coast Land Company—that they also had signed John Bludworth's petition. This took the wind out of Sibbald's greedy little sailboat.

I was never quite sure how the reward money for the capture of Roy Gardner was divided. I heard rumors that Under-Sheriff Oliver Sexton and Detective Joe Lopez got their split. I never asked John Bludworth, because I figured it was none of my business how much of Uncle Sam's reward money he got.

And that about winds up the story of my meeting the notorious Roy A. Gardner that day in Del Mar, which could easily have cost me my life.

THE CAREER of Roy A. Gardner, who used several aliases, was one of the strangest in criminal history. Always a loner, he planned every robbery and carried it out to the best of his ability, without ever killing a man. His numerous escapes from law officers who had him in custody were bold and required courage, quick thinking, and plenty of guts.

At liberty after his second escape from McNeils Federal prison in May, 1921, where his companion was killed and he was wounded in both legs, Roy Gardner wrote a San Francisco newspaper telling how he had engineered his escape. Another letter was directed to President Harding asking a pardon if Gardner gave himself up.

Every officer who ever had direct contact with Roy Gardner was willing and ready to vouch for his charm and good nature. And upon his final release from prison in 1938, it was one of the police officers who had captured him after one of his escapes, who gave Gardner a job, saying he felt he owed it to him because the reward money he had collected had provided the capital he needed to go into business for himself.

Shortly after his release from prison Gardner went to Hollywood to help advise on a motion picture of his life, and he was also writing (or ghost writing) a series of newspaper articles on his criminal career, along the lines that "crime does not pay."

Then in January, 1940 Roy Gardner killed himself, at the age of fifty-six. Seventeen of those years had been spent in prison. The manner of his suicide was in itself as spectacular and dramatic as his criminal life.

In a bayside hotel in San Francisco he sealed off a small bathroom, filled the wash bowl with water, into which he dropped a lethal dose of cyanide pills, filling the small room with deadly gas. Thus Roy Gardner constructed his own gas chamber, as truly as if he had condemned himself to death.

Even in planning his own death Roy Gardner had been thoughtful of others. Tacked to the bathroom door he had left this notice: "Do not open this door. Poison gas. Call police." And he had left behind several notes stating that he was "tired of the struggle" and asking newspaper men "to go easy on him."

Roy Gardner, alone and all alone, on that January day in 1940, a loner in his spectacular criminal life, had chosen the manner of leaving it.

Schoolhouse Lynching

(Continued from page 37)

returned to Anthony to stand trial. Bail was set at $30,000. Continuance was granted until the following Monday for raising the bond money. In the meantime, Shearer took a turn for the worse.

At the thought of the Weavers going free while Shearer was fighting for his life, citizens around Danville again grew excited. And this time the mob was not so verbal. The sheriff was taken by surprise. Due to the lack of a jail, the Weavers were being held at his house. Before sunrise on April 19, Sheriff Couch found about fifty men in his front yard. While he held the mob at bay, the boys slipped out the back door and made their way to a schoolhouse which was under construction a few blocks away. Their flight was observed by one of the mob and a volley of shots split the air behind them.

Taking Sheriff Couch in hand, the mob proceeded to the schoolhouse where the boys had holed up in the basement. Bullets spattered into the unfinished walls of the school. Couch told the mob to hold their fire as his deputy had escorted the boys on their flight and was in the building with them.

Couch was told to call his deputy out, then the firing commenced again. The deputy had left his pistol with the Weavers. By this time most of the town's residents were awake and descending on the scene of battle. Mrs. Weaver and the wife of one of her sons had been staying at the old City Hotel while Mr. Weaver was out getting bail money. At the first shot, the women knew what was taking place and made their way to the schoolhouse. Recognized by the vigilantes, they were stopped and obliged to watch the finish from the top of a nearby rock pile.

While the mob's main body made a terrible commotion, shooting into the building and yelling threats, straw was thrown into the basement from a side window and set afire. It was only a few minutes before smoke drove the boys from their refuge. Execution took place inside the unfinished first floor area by means of ropes strung to the rafters. As a parting gesture the mob fired into the limp bodies, and allowed the ropes to drop their loads into the basement. When the work was finished, the masked men disappeared as silently as they had come. The townspeople placed the Weavers' lifeless bodies in what later became the third grade room.

Shearer recovered from his wounds and left the county, never to be heard from again. The boys were interred in the Spring Grove Cemetery west of Anthony and a shame-faced public erected a monument over the grave. The inscription reads: Phillip H. Weaver, age 27 years, 6 months, 21 days; Henry S. Weaver, age 25 years, 8 months, 16 days; Oliver F. M. Weaver, age 23 years and 21 days. Also included are the names of two of the wives although they are not buried there—Lou D., Wife of Henry; and Rebecca M., Wife of Oliver. There are a couple of additional lines but these have faded away with time.

The remaining Weaver family stayed around for a few years and then moved on, leaving no trace. The school was completed but seems to have been jinxed by its first use as a scaffold. After graduating its first class of three girls and one boy in the spring of 1888, it was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

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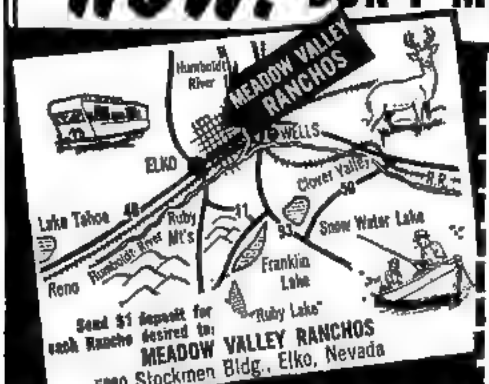

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Death Comes to Oregon's Cattle King

(Continued from page 29)

It all happened so quickly, Ortego said, that the herders were thrown into confusion. Somebody had ridden over to the Sod House, not far away, to get Dave Crow, the overseer of that section of the ranch. He remembered the *vaqueros*, standing bareheaded, crossing themselves by Peter's body, and that one of them had taken a bright-colored *serape* from his shoulders and covered the dead man.

The body lay undisturbed where it fell, as Crow ordered as soon as he arrived and satisfied himself that Peter was indeed dead. He sent a *vaquero* to Burns, the seat of Harney County, to get Sheriff John McKinnon and the coroner. Having posted a guard at the body to await the sheriff's arrival, it occurred to Crow that French's lawyers and business associates in Winnemucca, Nevada, should be notified. He decided to make this trip himself.

The ride he made to Winnemucca goes down in Oregon history as a classic. Changing mounts nine times, Crow was in the saddle for forty-eight hours, riding across the Blue Mountains and into the Nevada desert, spreading the news to the ranchers as he passed. At Winnemucca, which was the market for Peter's vast herds, the news of the cattleman's killing struck like a bombshell. Within minutes, via telegraph, the story spread from station to station; and within hours, headlines in the San Francisco newspapers spilled the black tidings: OREGON CATTLE KING MURDERED!

PETER FRENCH was only twenty-four years of age when he first set foot in Oregon, but already he had proved himself, at least in some measure, to Dr. Hugh Glenn whose wheat-and-cattle ranch spilled for hundreds of miles over the Sacramento Valley in California. Peter had risen from a stripling who'd run away from his home in Red Bluff, California, to one of Dr. Glenn's top hands, and he was engaged to marry Dr. Glenn's pretty daughter, Ella.

California in the early '70s was already putting curbs on the large land holders—cattlemen—by passing a series of fence laws. Not one to be swallowed up by the trend of the times, Dr. Glenn sent his future son-in-law on a mission which had two ends: It would be a final test for the young man who aspired to become his heir; and it would, if successful, extend the holdings Glenn had now and provide desperately needed range for his cattle. He'd heard of the lush valleys to the north, and congratulated himself that in Oregon there were no fence laws—land was still to be had practically for the taking and unhampered by law.

Thus challenged, and full of determination to make good, Peter set out to make a horseback journey which took him through the buttes and marshes, through the deserts and into the valleys, and at length he came to his valley of enchantment—the Blitzen Valley. There a river, the Donner and Blitzen, cascaded its white water down the rocks of grim old Steens Mountain, to flatten out in a channel which would meander through a marshy meadow seventy-five miles long. A few ranchers ran cattle in a lackadaisical sort of way in this area as large as the State of Maine, where grass grew lush in the spring and dried out when the weather got hot to form ideal forage for cattle.

When Peter first saw the valley, it was spring, and water was everywhere. A multitude of wild fowl arose from every marshy basin as the horseman passed, and the earth lay clothed in succulent green. From the very first day, he felt a passionate love for this valley, and he dreamed of the day when it would be all his own. When he would build a great house upon a small knoll that overlooked the wild marshes—which he would drain—where he would bring his bride.

Peter bought a small holding from a rancher, and was pleased that the branding iron which went with it carried the single letter P. He christened the place the P-Ranch, and he threw himself into his project with an enthusiasm that was shared by Dr. Glenn. Together they bought up the small adjacent ranches, one by one, expanding the herds to fill the valley as far as the eye could see. Peter worked with the *vaqueros*, brought up from lower California, from daybreak until dark. He pushed his men hard, and himself still harder; and he would have nothing but the best on the P-Ranch.

Eventually he built his White House, hauling lumber for it over the Blue Mountains in wagons drawn by twelve-mule teams, from a site 150 miles away. He surrounded it with poplar trees, and with corrals made of stakes bound together with rawhide, and fences of juniper stakes and unbarbed wire. He set up a store for his employees, and erected barns, cookhouses and bunkhouses, all of the sturdiest material, for all he touched was meant to last. It was said that on any clear day you could look out over the Nevada desert and see, somewhere in the distance, the dust from one of Peter French's wagons bringing lumber or supplies to the big ranch. And Ella was there, as his bride.

Then suddenly, Dr. Glenn was dead—murdered by his own bookkeeper—and P-Ranch was Peter's, and all his fabulous dreams had come true.

BIG JOHN DEVINE, who was six-feet-six and who was building up a ranch like Peter's on the other side of Steens Mountain, and "Colonel" Jack Hardin, who was just as tall but weighed 350 pounds and who owned a big ranch on the King River in Nevada and smaller holdings as a neighbor of Peter's, became his intimate friends. Between these jovial giants, Peter stood five-feet-six, and was black-eyed, sober, and taciturn. Still, he was king of P-Ranch, the monarch of them all; and his fences were always reaching out to enclose more land until, in the end, they encompassed a

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Peter's right arm was his top *vaquero*, Ortego, who had been with him almost from the start. He'd given Ortego a small herd of cattle of his own, and allowed him to run them with the P-Ranch herds. Ortego marketed them in Winnemucca with the P-Ranch cattle, then would happily gamble away all his earnings in the hell-halls of the dusty town. He never bemoaned his losses, for he was a man without ambition, but he declared that for every penny the gamblers got, he, Ortego, had made them work for it.

The ranches of the Blitzen and adjacent valleys were all patterned on the style of the Spanish *grandees* in lower California whom Peter had envied in his youth. His riders were mostly Mexican, and both ranch boss and *vaquero* wore colorful *serapes* and buckskin *rosideros*, forerunner of the present-day chaps. Hair ropes were called *mecates*, and the very long rawhide ones, *riatas*. Each man owned many horses, the best he could afford; and they equipped their mounts with Spanish saddles and bridles embellished with silver trim as much as a man could afford—which in Peter's case was plenty, indeed.

Every fall Peter bought up cattle from smaller ranchers—strictly on credit—and drove them with his own herds to Winnemucca, after which he vacationed in San Francisco over the holidays with Ella, returning in January to pay off the ranchers in gold.

Mrs. French liked San Francisco and maintained a house there. Unlike her husband, she had always been rich, and in a day when rich women were expected to be fashionable and genteel, she soon found little in common with the hearty folks who came to P-Ranch. By San Francisco standards, the marshes of Oregon were exceedingly dull. The White House, Peter's pride and joy, was a far cry from the mansions of the rich in San Francisco.

She took to spending more and more time in the city, where Peter would often join her. It gave him pleasure to be recognized as the Oregon Cattle King as he passed through the lobby of a swank hotel or dined with his lovely wife at a luxurious restaurant.

There was, of course, one disappointment in Peter's world. He had no heir.

AND THEN there had been the trouble during the Indian uprising. Chief Egan, who headed the impoverished tribes around Steens Mountain, took part in the dreamer rebellion, hoping in final desperation to drive the white settlers out of the country and to regain for his Indians the fowling ground in the marshes which had formerly been the tribe's chief food supply.

French and his men were holding spring roundup at the Diamond Ranch holdings when the news sifted through that the settlers were evacuating to Camp Harney, where General C. O. Howard and a handful of men were holding skirmishes with the Indians almost daily. The Indians seemed more interested in collecting horses than in fighting, but they paused at every ranch long enough to burn down the buildings while they rounded up the horses.

Across the fields one afternoon came settler Coon Smith, followed by an Indian war party, yipping and yelling close on his heels. Peter's first thought was for the White House, so as soon as he understood what was happening, he ordered his *vaqueros* to cut out for the ranch. He, himself, grabbed Coon's rifle and, leaping to the top of the corral, got off a few shots at the advancing redskins.

The Indians milled around, studying the situation, while the *vaqueros* escaped out the back way, and Peter soon followed them at break-neck gallop, heading for the gap through which the trail led to P-Ranch. Sure that the Indians would not give up the chase he concealed men and horses behind some large rocks beside the trail.

Peter began firing as soon as the Indians entered the gap, and a melee followed in which Coon's horse was shot down, sending the settler scurrying for the rocks. The Chinese cook, unused to riding, fell off his horse and was overcome by the Indians. French grabbed the reins of the cook's terrified horse and led the animal over to Coon, who mounted and rode off. One of Peter's Mexicans was hit in the thigh before the attackers scooped up their several dead and rode away.

Peter and his ranch hands secured the White House as best they could. Then

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they set out for the fort, over a hundred miles away. On their arrival, they persuaded General Howard to go out on a search for the marauding band. Instead, Howard ran into Chief Egan and fought an undistinguished and uncertain skirmish. A short time later Chief Egan was killed and the war was over.

Peter was a hero. Moreover, though Hardin's ranch was burned to the ground, along with many others, the White House and its environs remained unscathed.

THE END of the Indian problems, which had plagued Oregon for many years, opened the way for settlers. They poured into the valleys and put down roots, some of them homesteading on land which the cattle barons considered their own. Court decisions on the hundreds of lawsuits which followed were long delayed, and trouble continued to brew.

Peter could have learned a lesson from wily old Dr. Glenn who, when the fencing laws curbed his cattle empire, took to plowing up his fields to plant wheat, becoming in time the largest wheat rancher in California. Instead, Peter became embittered and fought back with all the forces at his command, striving to hold what he had taken and was still continuing to take.

About this time it was noted throughout the valley that Mrs. French had packed up and gone to California for good. Whether she had quarreled with Peter, whether he missed her, nobody ever knew. Not the slightest whisper of explanation ever escaped Peter's lips. It was clear, though, that the old, happy days at P-Ranch were gone. Now all was bitterness and a ruthless struggle for power.

The homesteaders lost the suits Peter brought against them, the courts having decided that the lands in dispute were swamplands and came under the Swamp and Overflow Act. This finding increased the bitterness against the rancher, for it was well known that he had his own ways of establishing that the lands were swampy—he built dams at strategic points, later releasing the water to flood the area, which he could then buy up for $1.25 an acre. Then he would drain the land and use it for its original purpose—grazing land. He established his title to many, many acres by this strategy, and built over a hundred miles of drainage canals in the process.

Peter French offered to buy out the settlers, but many of them had established homes on their little farms. The money Peter offered them for the land was small inducement by their standards. But when the court ruling was given, more and more of them were forced off their property under the Swamp and Overflow Act. Some said Peter went so far as to hire one "Hen" Owen who for a price would ride over the land in a skiff pulled by a team of horses, afterwards swearing in court that he had "been over the land in a rowboat."

Settlers took to calling the Act which made this possible the "Swamp Rat Act," and some of Peter's dams burst with loud explosions in the dark of night, making it impossible for him to flood the land below when the spring run-off came. Understandably, the bitterness was not all on the side of the settlers.

ONE OF THE homesteaders who'd refused to sell to Peter, and whose land was located in a spot which could not be flooded, was a young family man named Ed Oliver. Peter's new ruling that nobody could come onto P-Ranch closed Oliver's little farm in a tight pocket of French holdings, nor would Peter allow him an access road. It was this man who was taken into custody for the killing of Peter French. He readily admitted the shooting, but said he thought Peter was going for his gun. Self-protection was his defense.

The way Oliver explained it in court, he had taken his family to town to live, since Peter had cut off access to his farm. He said he knew Peter well, and had worked for him as a cowboy before he became a homesteader. On Christmas Day he had heard that Peter was moving his herd to the Sagebrush range and was allowing ranchers to come pick up any strays which had gotten into the P-Ranch herd. He figured this was a good time to catch Peter to talk to him again about the problem of the access road. For that reason, he had gone to the Sagebrush pasture the morning of December 26, and although he was armed, he had anticipated no trouble. To his surprise, he said, Peter had attacked him in a blind rage, beating him with a whip. Thinking that Peter was going for his gun as he whirled his horse, he'd drawn his own gun and got in the first shot.

It was established at the trial that Peter French was unarmed that day, but as Ortego and a couple of Mexican *vaqueros* were the only eye-witnesses, and they gave conflicting statements as to just what happened, there was no clear-cut indication as to just where justice lay. The courthouse at Burns seethed with excitement as cattlemen and homesteaders drew into tight, opposing factions. In the end, both groups were considerably sobered by the fact that a man had been killed in the struggle over Blitzen Valley, and a newspaper reported that the verdict "Not Guilty" brought only "mixed emotions" on the part of interested citizens. The jury had debated for four hours before arriving at that decision.

The brother of Peter French came up from California to claim the body. Following the inquest, held at the Sod House by the sheriff, the body was put into an improvised tin-lined coffin and taken in one of Peter's big wagons over the mountain passes in the dead of winter to Baker City, California. There it was embalmed and sent to Red Bluff by rail for burial. Thus Peter returned to the bosom of the family he had left almost fifty years before.

As for Peter's ranch, it soon began to take on its original wild state, where waterfowl whirred up as a man rode by on horseback. The big White House burned down; and the reversion to the primitive was complete when the United

States Government bought the original ranch house site and surrounding land in a 65,000-acre parcel to be added to the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in 1935.

Today Peter French's domain is remembered only by a name on the map—Frenchglenn. Both Peter and his father-in-law, Dr. Glenn, are thus commemorated by a village of about seventy-five souls in the almost wilderness region of central Oregon.

A Mountain's Strange Music

(Continued from page 27)

In the brilliant light from the tape I watched Elmer strike the stalactites as if he were playing a xylophone. He didn't need to announce, "I'm now going to play 'Nearer My God To Thee'," for the tones of that organ were so perfect that the tune was immediately recognized. We took off our hats and joined in singing the words, and it was a mighty impressive moment.

Fully fifteen feet high, the organ was formed against one wall of broad, thin, and highly reverberative stalactites, tuned by nature to an almost perfect pitch. It had a range of two octaves. There were three guides who played the organ, but Elmer was the one who excelled. He had mastered five tunes, including "Yankee Doodle."

THE GRAND CAVERNS were discovered in the winter of 1883 by George W. Snider, when he noticed steam coming from openings in some rocks.

In 1909 the public got its last look at the Grand Caverns. The temperature was always 52 degrees, and the caverns had been open to the public winter and summer. For twenty-six years they remained a favorite attraction in scenic Colorado. Then because of litigation between the owners of the Cave of the Winds Company nearby, and the Grand Caverns, the latter came under the management of Cave of the Winds. The Grand Caverns had larger rooms, more formations, and were more spectacular, but the new owners shut them down because the road to them was not particularly scenic or interesting. The road to the Cave of the Winds wound through Williams Cañon and added much to the attraction of the cave itself.

The entrance to the Grand Caverns was filled in and rocked up, but vandals broke in and cracked one of the stalactites in the organ. It doesn't have the perfect pitch now it had before. At present the entrance is filled in with rock for 100 feet, and a wall of cement and steel is on the outside of this fill.

For many years owners of the Cave of the Winds Company tried without success to find an opening into the Grand Caverns from their cave. About thirty years ago they finally broke through. It's highly unlikely, however, that the Grand Caverns will be re-opened to the public, for it would take visitors at least two hours to tour both the cave and the caverns. Most sightseers wouldn't allow themselves the time for it—not for just a tune played on the pipes of antiquity.

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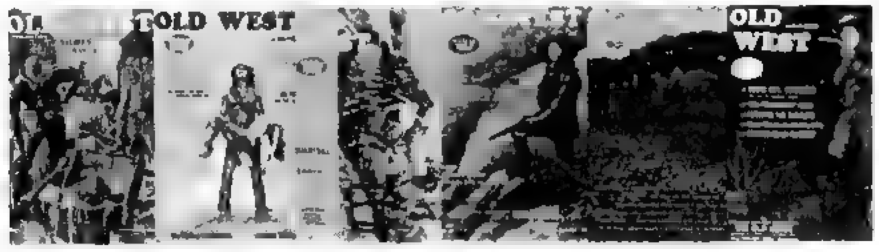

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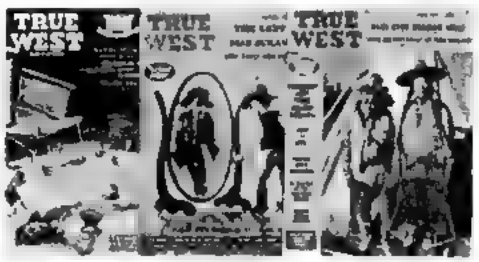

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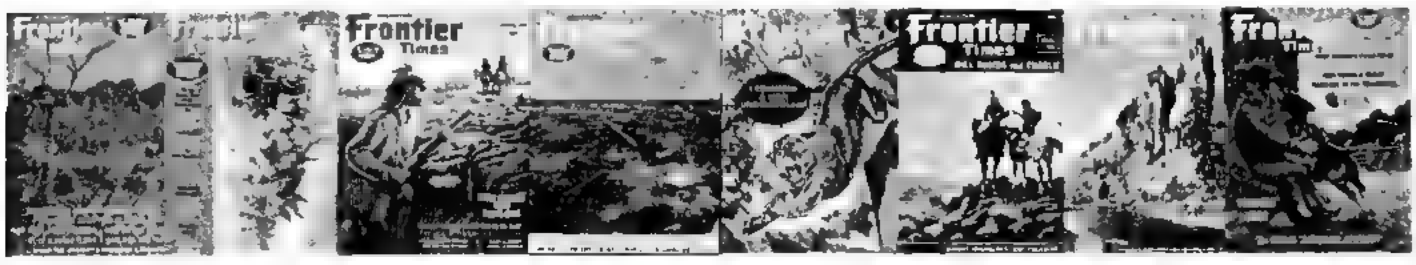

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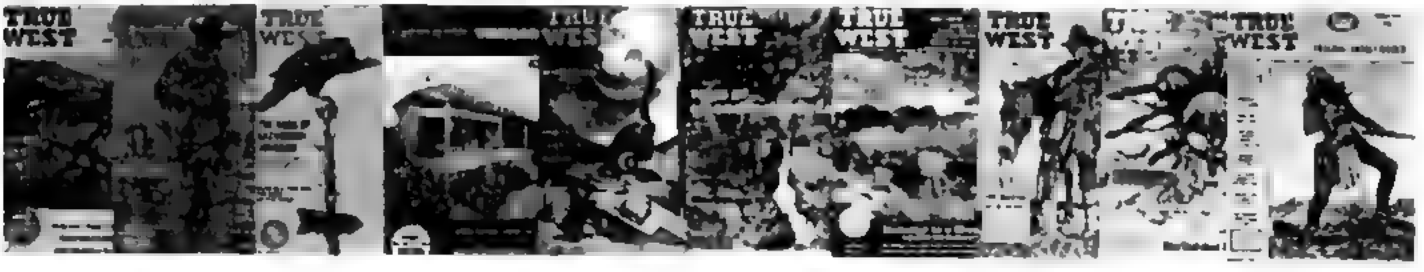

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookworms

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

RECOLLECTIN'

Papa Didn't Spare the Rod (The Naylor Co., $3.95) by Jerry Lackey is the author's choice experiences as a boy growing up in the Texas hill country. The chief characters are the author and William—"a combination of several people" Jerry grew up with. Deer hunting, church at the river, cowpen rodeo, drenching sheep, and Saturday night dances are just a few of the settings for the episodes Jerry and William are in. Jerry Lackey is editor of the *Sheep and Goat Raiser Magazine* in San Angelo, Texas. At the tender age of twenty-six he already had a solid background in West Texas newspaper work and writing. *Papa Didn't Spare the Rod* is mighty entertaining reading and we'll be looking for more books from Jerry Lackey. Jerry has already scored in top western magazines such as *True West* and *Frontier Times*.

Trail to Marked Tree (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by Roy Swank and edited and with an introduction by Nolan Porterfield covers the experiences of Swank and his brother, 1891-1926, when they carved a farm from the backwood lowlands of northeastern Arkansas. The time and place are described as when "houses were farther apart and people closer together." Rigors of clearing land, lowland diseases, boll weevil and army worm infestations were offset by simple pleasures of the night—silent woodlands, flavor of field-ripened watermelons, animals of field and wood which were kept at a respectful distance. The area today is cleared of timber, roads are hardsurfaced, and antennas from television sets dot the horizon. The pioneers are long gone, but Swank's book tells their story in detail and color.

TEXAS FRONTIER

Your reviewer was delighted with the facsimile reprint (including the cover) of *The Quirt and the Spur* (Steck-Vaughn, $6.95) by Edgar Rye. A long time ago J. Frank Dobie put me on the trail of the first edition issued in 1909 with laconic comment, "Rye was in the Fort Griffin, Texas, country when buffalo hunters dominated it." Up to that time I had found but little on the hide trade in Texas and when I finally did get Rye's book I had quite a lot. And as I had suspected, it was also of some Texas Ranger interest. As a matter of fact it covers just about every facet of frontier life—Indian fighting, ranch beginnings, vigilante justice, cowboys on the trail and in town, frontier courts and a cast of characters (and what a cast!) numbering in the hundreds. Rye was a lawyer and a newspaperman and he was there. James M. Day, formerly State Archivist of Texas and now a member of the faculty at The University of Texas at El Paso, wrote the introduction. Your reviewer strongly recommends that you read Dr. Day first so you will know when Rye was off on dates, spelling, or stretched the blanket a mite—then settle back and enjoy your Rye.

NEGRO POLITICAL LEADER

Norris Wright Cuney (Steck-Vaughn, $5.95) by Maud Cuney Hare is a biography of the Negro political leader in Texas during the last half of the nineteenth century written by his daughter. The book is a Steck-Vaughn reprint in their Life and Adventure Series and is from the first edition published in 1913. Cuney was the son of a Swiss plantation owner and one of his slaves. His mother was of Negro, Indian, and Caucasian blood. Cuney was educated as a boy in Pittsburgh before the Civil War and not only furthered his personal education throughout his life, but championed better education for Negroes and whites alike. Cuney became a major Texas political figure in the Republican party. He was a delegate to national conventions, a power in Galveston city and Texas state politics. He ran a longshoreman's business on the Galveston docks and fought successfully for better wages and conditions. He was a man of high principles and, because of his forthright and enthusiastic political efforts, developed strong opponents. He was inspector of customs for many years and served on the city council. Cuney's biography, long out of print, presents many viewpoints pertinent to current racial problems.

WESTERN ART

Peter Hurd, The Lithographs (Baker Gallery Press, $16.95) is a big handsome book edited by Pete's friend and protege, artist John Meigs. John contributes an informative foreword and Pete's brother-in-law, Andrew Wyeth, a brief introduction that reflects even now a mite of his boyish worship of the young Westerner

who married his sister Henriette. But this is Pete's book—he provides information on the history and technique of lithography and appropriate comments on the lithographs reproduced in this book—and, of course, the magnificent lithographs—fifty-eight of them! There are photos of Pete at work and reproductions of several of his working sketches. Jim Baker, John Meigs and all those who labored to make this book possible have placed the Western art buffs deep in their debt for Pete is one of us—a Westerner's Westerner. For the dedicated Hurd and Western art fans there is a limited edition of 300 copies (for sale) bound in leather, each copy containing a new Hurd lithograph (his first in twenty-five years), "Home for Supper," in a sturdy cloth covered slip case—$125.00 and worth it. Strongly recommended.

He Made the West Famous

(Continued from page 21)

verse. Nothing sold. Grey talked of returning to dentistry, but his wife would not hear of it. She borrowed money to pay for the publishing of his first novel, *Betty Zane*, a romanticized version of his ancestors' adventures on the Ohio frontier. It did not sell either, and Grey was despondent.

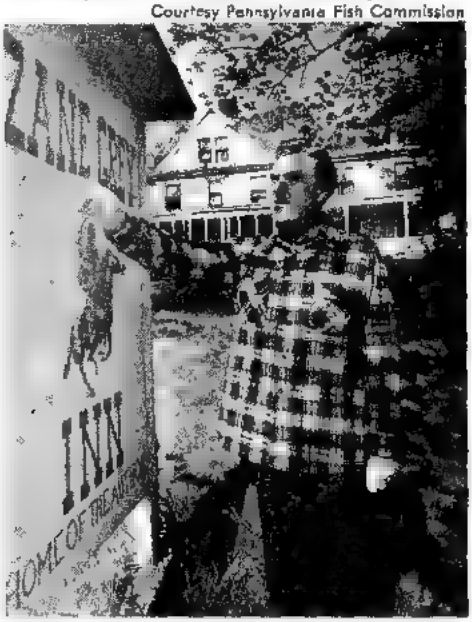
Then spring came.

"Soft sweet day," wrote Grey, "with a smell of burning forest in the air, the pale blossoms of trailing arbutus peeping from dead leaves, white pines and brown aisles, the lonely silence of the hills where the fringed gentian and ladies' slippers nod in the wind, alder swales deep in the woods where deer browse and grouse drum. . . ."

ON A VISIT to New York, Grey met Buffalo Jones, one of the last of the Plainsmen, and suddenly life changed. Jones had an idea: He wanted to try breeding buffalo with Black Galloway cattle, and he wanted a writer along to

Governor Raymond P. Shafer at the Zane Grey Inn, Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania.

Courtesy Pennsylvania Fish Commission



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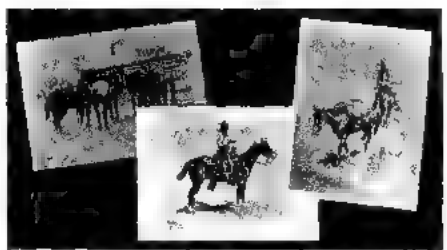

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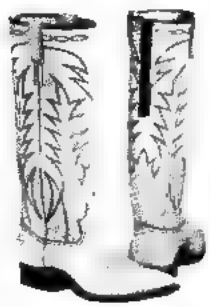

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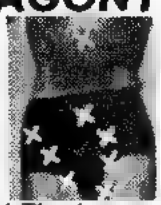

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record his experiment.

Grey agreed to accompany Jones. Their trip took them to the Far West, which gave the author material for the first of his Western novels. The two men journeyed to Arizona, crossed the Painted Desert of the Navajos with a Mormon caravan, lassoed mountain lions in the Grand Canyon and lived with rangers from Texas and wild-horse hunters from Utah.

Back in Lackawaxen with their first baby, Dolly Grey received accounts of her husband's adventures: "No boy dropped into the West could have more magnificent experiences! This wild, lonely purple land of sage and rock has taken possession of me."

When he returned to Lackawaxen, Grey wrote *The Heritage of the Desert*, the story of a girl who escapes from a Mormon colony and falls in love with an Easterner recovering his health in Arizona. Harper & Brothers, which had turned down his previous efforts, accepted it. At long last, Zane Grey was on his way.

The Heritage of the Desert, his first Western, launched Grey on the road to wealth. *Riders of the Purple Sage*, his second, sold more than two million copies in the first few years, and still goes on and on in paperbacks.

With success and money, the Greys' way of life changed somewhat. Three women secretaries came to Lackawaxen and were installed in a cottage on the river. But Grey continued to write on his old lapboard and his wife continued to edit. The secretaries typed and retyped. He kept them busy.

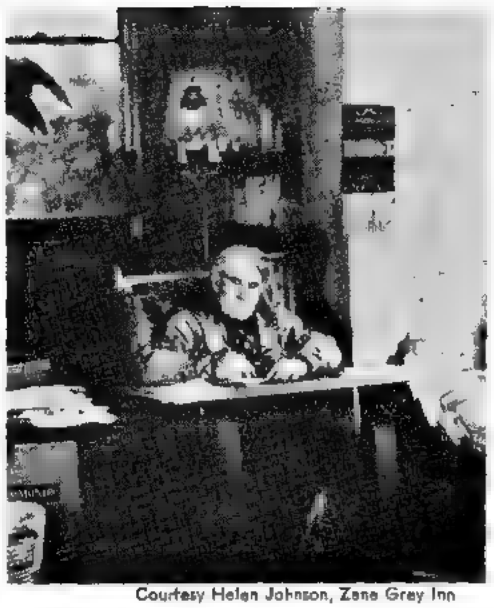
Grey wrote eighty-six books in all. Literary critics scorned his use of clichés and awkward words, but millions of readers reveled in his purple prose. His stories were translated into twenty foreign languages and made into more than one hundred movies. He became the king of popular novelists, the second best-seller of all time (after the Bible).

His most popular novels were *Riders of the Purple Sage* and *The Spirit of the Border*, both violent, bloody and crudely written. But as Grey wrote in the introduction to the latter, a story of fighting against the Indians: "The author does not intend to apologize for what many readers may call the 'brutality' of the book." And apology was the last thing Grey's readers wished.

Although his writing is said to lack style and substance, Grey's books have color and authenticity, his plots display an unusual talent for invention, and the narration is swift. Grey belonged to that rough-and-ready school of letters whose hero was a superman with a will of iron, nerves of steel and heart of gold.

While gathering material for his books, Grey lived as he wished, satisfying his love of adventure and the outdoors. He bought horses, yachts, and properties from Pennsylvania to Tahiti, among them hunting lodges and ranches in Arizona and Oregon, and a big house in Altadena, California, and a place on Catalina Island.

The author traveled throughout the world, fished in New Zealand and the South Seas and hunted in countless



Courtesy Helen Johnson, Zane Grey Inn

Zane Grey at work.

places. Eventually he lost his desire to kill animals, but his passion for deep-sea fishing never abated.

While Grey fished in faraway places, his wife remained at home, patiently editing his work and protecting his publication and subsequent movie rights. In 1937, Grey went fishing on the Umpqua River in Oregon. There, in a remote camp, he had a stroke. His son Romer and a guide carried him out of the wilderness. He recovered and continued to write.

The next year Grey visited Australia. Returning to his home in Altadena, he wrote a book on fishing and made plans for a trip to Lackawaxen. "I'd like to see the woods when the leaves turn," he said. But he suffered a heart attack and, in October 1939, died at the age of sixty-four.

Grey is buried in old Union Cemetery, next to what is now Zane Grey Inn. Mrs. Grey, who survived him by eighteen years, is buried at his side.

Windies—Pure and Simple

(Continued from page 15)

Panther was riding a mean old outlaw. He spurred and whipped until the horse quit bucking and broke into a run. He then decided he would have no more of that critter. He pulled the horse's head around, leaned far over, grasped the hackamore noseband in both hands, threw himself from the saddle, planted his heels in the dirt, threw his hip into the horse's shoulder, then with perfect timing threw the horse to the ground, breaking its shoulder.

We laughed loud and long at the impossibility of that feat.

The old-timer spoke for the first time. "You kids can laugh if you want to, but I saw Panther do that."

HERE ARE SOME more Panther stories. They have been passed on in bunkhouses and around campfires but never written in the record. I quote:

I was driving a freight string down

in Texas one time. I don't remember how many teams I had strung out in front of the wagons, but I do know that when the wheelers got to where the leaders started, they were wading knee deep in horse manure.

One day me an' Slim Davis was on circle on the South Fork of Powder River. I was riding an old outlaw. Meanest horse I ever saw.

We come up over a little rise an' saw two bears feeding on a carcass in the gulch below. You could see they was plumb full of dead meat, the way they was just picking an' sniffing around.

"Let's rope 'em," I said to Slim.

"No thanks," he said, "I ain't mad at them bears."

"Then let me have your rope an' I'll ketch both of 'em."

He gave me his rope an' I tied hard an' fast an' jumped that old outlaw right down amongst 'em. I ketched one with the first rope, then changed hands an' ketched the other one with the second rope. An' there I was with two bears tied hard and fast to an outlaw horse. I didn't like that damn horse nohow, so I just stepped off an' let him have 'em.

Back in the early days we had a bunch of young Englishmen in northern Wyoming. They were all hell-raisers an' their families had sent them West an' paid them just to stay away from home. We called them the Remittance Men. Some of them settled around Sheridan an' with all their money they soon built up big ranches. They liked the West all right but missed the things they used to have in England, so they had organs, billiard tables an' stuff like that freighted in.

One day Lord Gallatin an' the Earl of Moncrieffe were playing billiards in Gallatin's parlor. They got into an argument about a shot Moncrieffe had made. The argument got pretty hot an' finally Gallatin called Moncrieffe a "liah."

Moncrieffe said, "I say, don't you know, it takes an awthlete to call me a liah."

Gallatin swung the butt end of his cue and caught Moncrieffe on the side of the head. Moncrieffe fell to his knees, crawled under the billiard table, stuck his head up on the other side an' said "By Jove, you know. You are an awthlete, old chappie."

It was about the time the first automobiles showed up when we had the big wind in northern Wyoming. It blew down a lot of trees an' scattered sheds an' small buildings all over the country. It was a real humdinger.

Some tourists were going up Goose Creek in a Model T Ford. The wind was so strong they were afraid it would tip the car over so they pulled off into a grove of trees under a bank. They were trying to set up a tent when Bob Cummings come by on his saddle horse.

He could see that they had more than they could handle so he stopped to help. They would drive a stake in the ground at one corner but before they could get the next stake in, the wind would ketch the canvas an' pull the first one.

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This went on for quite awhile an' Bob finally gave up. He told them they would either have to wait it out in the car or try to get to the next town, about fifteen miles away.

When he started for his horse an old woman grabbed him by the arm. "Does the wind blow like this all the time in Wyoming?" she yelled.

"Naw," Bob said. "It'll blow like this three or four days an' then just cut loose an' blow to beat hell."

I WORKED for the Circle T down in Arizona for a few years. It was owned by a New York syndicate an' Tex Bowers was foreman. Tex didn't have any trouble running the ranch an' making it pay, but he sure had trouble with the inspectors that come out of New York.

One time he got into an argument with one of them an' before it was over, Tex got mad an' called the inspector a stupid s-o-b. The inspector went back to New York an' complained to the main office. The president of the company wrote Tex a letter.

"Dear Tex," he wrote. "I understand that when one of our inspectors was at the ranch recently, an argument got started and someone called our inspector a vile and uncomplimentary name. Please report to me personally, giving all the pertinent details."

Tex wrote on the bottom of the letter an' sent it back. All he said was, "It ain't a question of who called the inspector a s-o-b. It's a question of who called the s-o-b an inspector."—Tex.

Another time Tex got a letter from New York. "Dear Tex," it said, "we are sending Mr. Freeman Abernathy, vice president in charge of our Arizona holdings, out for a visit. He will want to see all the assets and make a general review of the whole operation. Please take whatever time is necessary to show him around and explain everything to him."

Tex wrote back, "We will be glad to have Mr. Freeman Abernathy, vice president in charge of your Arizona holdings, come out to visit us. But there are a couple of things we need to get straight. In the first place, we don't have all the fancy doodads here on the ranch that you folks have in New York. For instance, we still use a privy in the back yard. We call it our asset. The other thing is, I want to know how much Mr. Abernathy weighs because if he should fall through one of the holes in the privy, I want to know how much to ship back to New York."—Tex.

I SPENT ONE winter in Deadwood, South Dakota. Me an' Hank Blevins rented a cabin an' just batched. We just played poker all winter—never did work. We got pretty well acquainted with Butch Thompson who run a little butcher shop.

Hank always got up at daylight an' took a walk before breakfast. He might walk on the streets or down the alleys, or maybe even out of town in the hills. One evening just before time to go home an' cook supper, Hank come into the back room of the saloon where I was playing cards.

"Let's go for a walk," he said.

I cashed in my chips an' we started. When we passed the butcher shop we saw a big sign in the window that said *RABBIT SALE*. The place was full of women buying rabbits for supper. Hank grinned.

When we got to the alley Hank said, "Let's go down the alley."

About half-way down the alley we saw a dead cat. Hank picked it up by the tail an' carried it along till we come to the backdoor of the butcher shop. He opened the door an' tossed the cat in amongst all them women.

"Hey, Butch," he yelled. "That's three you owe me for."

One time Hank went into the back room of a saloon where four fellows was playing draw. He watched until one of them went broke an' left.

"Set in, Hank," one of the others said.

"What's it cost to get in?" Hank asked.

"Twenty dollars."

"Table stakes?"

"Yeah."

Hank took his place at the table an' bought a twenty-dollar stack. The fellow on his left anted twenty dollars. Everybody had to stay in the ante. Since it was table stakes, Hank was entitled to a full hand. He caught two aces before the draw an' another one on the draw. He took the pot.

He shoved his chips into the middle an' said, "Cash me in. You were going to take my twenty an' get me out. I'll just take your sixty an' go."

Me an' Tim McCarthy was on circle one day. We come out of the timber into a little park and jumped a bobcat. We didn't have no quarrel with bobcats but we wanted to have some fun, so we jerked down our ropes and built to him.

Across the park was a high cliff with a bunch of boulders at the foot of it. The cat headed that way. He was sure hurrying. Tim wasted a loop an' I missed one too. By that time the cat reached the foot of the cliff an' made a dive for a hole between two big rocks. The hole was shaped like a triangle an' the cat got his front end in all right but his hip bones caught where the triangle narrowed at the top. He was spitting an' clawing an' yowling, trying to get on into the hole out of sight.

Me an' Tim got off our horses an' looked the situation over. I said, "I could maybe put a double half hitch on one leg an' pull him out with my horse."

"Naw," Tim said, "your horse would get spooked an' buck you off an' then we'd be *in* a hell of a fix."

"Well then, maybe I could just pull him out by hand, turn him loose an' you'd get another chance at him."

"Naw," Tim said, "you'd have bobcat tracks all over you."

I was gettin' mad. "Then you think of something."

Tim scratched his head an' spit a gob of tobacco juice out of the corner of his mouth.

"I always did want to kick a bobcat in the rear." He pulled back one foot an' booted the cat on into the hole.

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And in all of New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as over the border to Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. As strangely appealing as the desert yet fertile. And as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in (maybe more so) yet without the fever, without the tension.

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If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Schaeffer

I would like to hear from anyone with information about my ancestors on my father's side of the family, especially any family members still living in Illinois. My father's grandfather, John Maurice Schaeffer, was born in Sangamon County, Illinois in 1837. He was married to Cynthia Ann Glass in 1868 in Dallas, Texas. They lived in Wise County, Texas, and later moved to Healdton, Oklahoma. I believe John Maurice Schaeffer's father came to this country from Germany in 1812.—Mrs. Virgil G. Mangram, 1211 Avenue "E", Lawton, Oklahoma 73501

James

Samuel "Sam" James supposedly lived in Williamson County around Round Rock or Georgetown, Texas. My grandfather knew him and claimed he was an outlaw, that he had lost one eye in a robbery of some kind. My grandfather said he rode with him in the late 1890s. This man has just died recently, and we were wondering if anyone could send us any information.—Marvin Schulent, Box 428, Driscoll, Texas 78351

Reeder

I am seeking information about Annie May (Reeder) Fallert. Annie was adopted by people by the name of Fallert who lived at Porterville, California. I would also like any information on O. R. (known as Orville) Reeder or any of his people. At one time he lived at Cambridge, Nebraska, Coffeeville, Kansas, and Tulsa, Oklahoma.—Stella Brennen, 299 Sunnyview Courts, Twin Falls, Idaho 83301

Tutorow

I would like to hear from anyone having the name Tutorow. Everyone I have known with the name are all related. I have heard it is Russian; some say German. There were four brothers (all passed on)—Oda, Frederick, Everett, and I never knew the other one's name. I heard they came over here (from where I am not certain) to settle in North Carolina. My father-in-law many years ago said there were some Tutorows living in Quincy, Illinois.—Mrs. Virgil W. Tutorow, 82-641 Kenner Avenue, Indio, California 92201

McKinney

Seymour McKinney, my mother's twin brother, was born in Palo Pinto or Young County, Texas. His father owned cattle, sheep and goats and was killed on a trail drive around 1880. A ranch hand told my grandmother, Esther Poole McKinney, a fall from a horse killed him but she believed he had been shot during a card game somewhere. She drove a chuckwagon all the way to Kansas City to try to locate his grave but I don't think she found it. She died in Gainesville, Texas, in 1883, when my mother was six years old.

My grandmother was half Chickasaw Indian, the daughter of a chief and his captive wife. Her father was killed on the warpath and his wife took their daughter and fled. Finally they found a ranch house and stopped to ask for help and food. This was the McKinney ranch. My great-grandmother lived only three days after that and Esther was taken in, cared for, and eventually married one of the McKinney boys. If anyone has any information, I would like to hear from him.—Lucille A. Backus, P. O. Box 135, Ada, Oklahoma 74820

Napoleon A. Finney

Oscar Will Finney, my father, lost his mother when he was a small boy. His father was Napoleon A. Finney. When my father got sick, my grandfather let some cowboys rear him. He became a bronc rider and a good one, I've been told. He was born in Louisiana in 1873 and died in 1921.

Napoleon A. Finney died in Austin, Texas. I think he was a guard at the Huntsville prison for a while. I would like to know more about him.—Mrs. James H. Robertson, 8835 M. M. Star Route, Oroville, California 95965

Messick

My great-great-grandfather's name was William P. Messick. My great-grandfather was J. P. Messick. He married a woman named Owens (either Nancy or Mary Genetta). They had four children: Laura Belle, Mary Genetta, Bonnie Alice, and Bose Vestel.

I believe the Messicks came from Kentucky about 1850. Some lived in Clarksville, Texas, and Brownwood, Texas; others around McAlester, Oklahoma. J. P. Messick died in Wichita, Kansas, however. I hope some readers can give me information about them.—Mrs. Glenna Lyles, 9814 Washington Blvd., S. W., Tacoma, Washington 98498

Frank Davenport

Frank Davenport was born June 12, 1877, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Both of his parents died when he was small and he was reared by his aunt, Alice Wilson. She had a brother, Jason, and she raised his grandson, Harold. She also took care of a girl named Fern. Frank ran off and joined the circus and never returned to the home of his aunt. It is said he was related to Edward Loomis Davenport, an early-day stage actor. I hope someone can help me find out about his family.—Warren W. Davenport, 604 SE 115, Portland, Oregon 97216

Vaughan's Wagontrain

I have been trying to get information on a wagontrain, coming to Oregon in 1847 from St. Joseph, Missouri. William Tyler Vaughan was my husband's great-grandfather and was the wagon master of this wagontrain. With Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughan came their nine children, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Floyd Gouvenor, Nancy, George Washington, John Quincy, William Tyler, Lafayette, and Amanda N. There were three more children born after they arrived in Oregon—Sarah E. and Alcebadice, being two of them. Alcebadice was my father's grandfather and lived at Coburg, Oregon and Walterville, Oregon until his death in 1931. Some of the other families in this wagontrain were the Dishers; Robert and Elizabeth Allen and two daughters, Rosemary and Pamelia, who was married to Michael Crane; and an uncle of Mrs. Allen, Dan Morrow. Also, Cyrus and Henrietta Ransom, the Babcocks with a parcel of small children, the Macys, the Spoors, the Stevens, and the Morgums with their families, a young man named Billy Lynch, a man known as Littleton Younger, and many more whose names I do not have.—Mrs. Ralph Vaughn, Route 2, Box 275, Vale, Oregon 97918

Hillman-Masson

My grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Hillman, left Mississippi when he was a young man and came to Louisiana. Here he married Abbie Gail Masson, also from Mississippi. My grandfather had one brother who remained in Mississippi (what part I do not know). His name was Pink Hillman. I would like to hear from anyone who may know of relatives of Pink Hillman or Abbie Gail Masson. We know nothing of her relatives, except that she had one sister by the name of Nancy Masson who came with her to Louisiana.—Lois Hillman, Route 1, Box 15, Lena, Louisiana 71447

Lile

I hope someone can help me find my ancestors by the name of Lile, as I can find almost nothing about them. I do know my great-uncle told me his father had been in the West at one time. Any bit of information would be greatly appreciated.—Thomas R. Lile, RA17660197, Trans. Mdm. Hel. Co. (N), APO Seattle, Wash. 98731

Morris

In 1944 I talked with a man about seventy-five years old when we rented his grandmother's farm in Evendale, Ohio (Cincinnati). His grandmother, Mrs. Morris, was scalped by Indians there, and the farm is still there now. The cemetery on the farm doesn't show the name of Mrs. Morris on the tombstone. I know the story about the place. It was built in 1800. I hope some descendant remembers hearing what happened to Mrs. Morris. The name is chiseled around the barn. The farm is on Milford Road about a quarter of a mile north of Sharon Road in Evendale.—Mrs. Capitola Farrell, 15157 Sylvan Street, Van Nuys, California 91401

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Avant-Humphreys

My great-grandfather, Francis Marion Avant (Avent), who was born in Georgia, and his wife Harriet (Humphreys) Avant, with their family of children Tom, Andrew, Sarah, Joe, Ben, Leondis, Cicero, Francis M., Jr., Jesse LaFayette, Ira, Molly and Emma, owned farm and/or ranch property near the San Antonio, Texas area and lived there for more than forty-one years. Both Francis Marion, Sr., and son Andrew, served together in the Civil War in Texas in 1863. Francis Marion, Sr. died in San Antonio in December, 1902, possibly at the home of the son, Andrew, who is believed to have owned a cotton gin and store in San Antonio in the late 1800s. If anyone has any knowledge of Francis Marion Avant, Harriet Humphreys Avant, or their children, please let me hear from them. I am the granddaughter of Jesse LaFayette Avant.—Mrs. Marie Buck, 603 W. 8th St., Truth or Consequences, New Mexico 87901

Simon-Bellrey-Darrell

I would like to know something of my family. I was placed in an orphanage in 1931. My father was a hardrock miner who worked all over Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. My mother was called Mary Ellen Bellray and my father was called Joseph Edward Darrell. Any information would be welcome.—Oma Maxine Simon, 415 Hudson, Storm Lake, Iowa 50588

Heath

Need information on John Heath from Utica, New York, who lived in Leadville, Colorado from 1887 until 1907. He owned a store that is still standing in Leadville. Did any of his children remain in Colorado when he and his wife returned to New York? Will greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who may have any knowledge on this.—John C. F. Heath, 1228 So. Ogden, Denver, Colorado 80210

Shrimplin-Critchfield

I would appreciate any information concerning the children of John and Honor (Honour) Shrimplin, living in Baltimore County, Maryland from 1757 to 1768, and in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, 1790 to 1800. Families of John, Jr., Samuel, and Abraham Shrimplin are all found in Ohio in Knox and Cochoston Counties in the 1800s. Rachel Shrimplin married John Critchfield, a Revolutionary War soldier, and lived in Wayne County, Ohio. Sarah Shrimplin married Absolum Critchfield. I would like to prove these other family members as being sons and daughters of John and Honor Shrimplin.—Frank E. Shrimplin, R. Ph., Kinreco Products Company, 324 Broadway, Valley Falls, Kansas 66088

Joe Wolfe

My grandfather, Joe Wolfe, lived in Nowata, Oklahoma. My dad, William Risly Wolfe, was his only son. Joe Wolfe was a Cherokee Indian and I believe he had some kin by the name of Bean. My grandmother died in Claremore Indian Hospital in Claremore, Oklahoma, and I think my grandfather moved to Westville, Oklahoma. If anyone knows, please write to me.—Mrs. Frances Tracy, 661 Hiway 50, Grand Junction, Colo. 81501

Boettger

William Peter Boettger, my grandfather, was believed to have been born in East St. Louis, Missouri, in 1862. He ran away from home when he was sixteen years old. In 1886 he married Anna Hyde of Seelyville, Indiana. He died in 1923 without telling anyone of his parentage. I would appreciate any information about his birthplace or parents.—Mrs. Harold Wolverton, R. R. 3, Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933

Hunt-Peterson

Ralph Hunt was probably born in Erie County, New York, between 1810 and 1840. A letter written by his brother Lyman, dated August 11, 1859, in Buffalo, New York, mentions that their mother had a letter from Ralph and he was in Mexico. Can anyone tell me if he stayed in the West, when he was there (and where), and when and where he or his wife and children (if he had any) died?

I'd also like information on the brothers of James Peterson, born in Hellarid Socken, Sweden, April 1851. Parents' names were Peter Anderson and Christina Jacobson. We believe several brothers came to the U. S. at the same time he did and that they went to Minnesota. James Peterson was naturalized in Galesburg, Illinois, on February 15, 1886, and died at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1902. —Mrs. Fern Hunt Warnes, 323 South Jackson, Pierre, South Dakota 57501

Crossley-Tetherow

I need information on five Crossley brothers, reportedly all ministers in the 1850s. Bennett born about 1815, Tennessee (?) married Lucinda Melton, lived in Mercer County, Missouri; in 1852 went to Oregon. Daughter, Nancy Jane, married Solomon S. Tetherow in 1865, and sister, Amanda, married his cousin, James K. Polk Tetherow. Any information on all three families would be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Margie Gray, Box 207, Wilbur, Wash. 99185

Navajo Traders

(Continued from page 14)

in the entire western Navajo country at that time were at Tuba City, Willow Springs and Lee Ferry on the Colorado River, many miles apart.

The Redlake post was a stockade occupying a salt and sagebrush covered hummock in what appeared to be a permanently dry lake bed. But the next spring's run-off filled the lake with water, leaving the post marooned on an island.

Rafting his goods south to high ground under the hill where Redlake trading post now stands, he built another stockade which had four rooms in a line and was dirt-roofed.

In 1882 a Ute war party crossed the San Juan River, raiding down along the stark escarpment of Black Mountain. McAdams joined the Navajos to meet their advance, furnished ammu-

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nition, and hurled them back into Utah. It was that same year that McAdams obtained the full account of Fred Smith's death in Navajo Canyon. Navajos took him to the gravesite and he saw both sets of wall inscriptions.

Redlake was then a trails crossing into central Arizona from Colorado and Utah. Down this route came herds of cattle and flocks of sheep to be sold at Prescott and in the Salt River Valley around Phoenix. Returning stockmen often threw in with McAdams for a couple of days. These visits included poker games, the trader usually winning heavily. Otherwise it was a lonely life, so in 1888 he sold to Sam Dittenhoffer. The following year the new owner was shot and killed in an argument over a woman. McAdams then took back a half-interest in the post with Babbitt Brothers Trading Company of Flagstaff as partners.

Having re-established the former one at Willow Springs in 1885, McAdams continued managing them both until 1893, but lived at Willow Springs. He traded there until 1895 when he again bought into Redlake. Meanwhile, the stone post building there today had been built by S. S. Preston, the Babbitts' resident trader during McAdams' absence.

Later that same year he got Joseph Hyrum Lee, Sr., and his son Joe to run the store while he returned to Texas to visit his several brothers and sisters. None of the family had the least idea where George McAdams had been for twenty years and believed him dead. The tales he told on his visit of the wild Indian country intrigued his several nephews, and would induce them eventually into becoming traders also.

BACK IN ARIZONA McAdams put in another trading post at Tuba City, which was soon turned over to a brother. Later closing it out and selling his interest in Redlake and Willow Springs, George followed the Klondike gold rush. He stayed for only a few months, during which time he dug for no gold but gambled in the Yukon towns.

When George returned to Arizona he and a nephew bought old Wolf Post on the Little Colorado River upstream from Grand Falls. He sold it in 1902 and moved a few miles up the Little Colorado to Benton Mesa. There he put in another of his favored stockade stores with a flat dirt roof. The site soon became the main river crossing to the Hopi Indian country. When the travel became too heavy for his taste, he let R. M. Bruchman of Winslow have the store in 1904 for $900.

Going east to Chinle he traded there until 1910, when he bought Houck Trading Post, one of the oldest in Navajo country. He remained there for nine years before selling. In 1923 he disposed of his store at Chinle and his investment property in Gallup, and went to Farmington, New Mexico where he engaged in the mercantile and banking business. At the time of his death in 1931 he had retired to an apple orchard on the city's edge.

George McAdams was an unusual man in many respects. Entering the Indian country when there was nothing, where few white men dared tread, he adapted to it. Probably his only real friends were Navajos, as he associated with them almost exclusively. His first wife was Chischilligie Bitce (the daughter of Chischilligie, who was a famous district chief), whom he married at Redlake in the middle 1880s. From this union came a daughter and son, both now deceased. From two later white marriages there was no issue.

In the trading post he joked, laughed and talked with the Indians, his attitude always a happy one; once stepping beyond the bullpen door he was alone, aloof, his mood one of deep study. Near sundown each day he would put on his hat and walk beside the store at Redlake, or along the river edge at Wolf Post and Benton Mesa, or at Houck on the Rio Puerco. After an hour or so he would return to his living quarters for supper.

A big, strong and handsome man, he could whip three or four of the best barroom scrappers single-handed. He had a violent temper when aroused, and tried to keep it under control. One instance in which it flared wildly was the time two trader brothers at Canyon Diablo, shooting at another man, missed and killed a leader of the four-horse team driven by George's favorite nephew. When he learned of this shooting, he harnessed his buckboard and drove to the brothers' trading post. When they were knocked unconscious in short order, George invited their clerks to take up where the fight ended, but the helpers were having none of McAdams.

His word was utterly reliable. He never lied and performed exactly as his promise given. Men now long gone to the happy hunting grounds often mentioned this after his passing.

George McAdams did not associate much with his own kin—the nephews and grand-nephews or any of the family. Not that he disliked them; on the contrary, he did. His attitude stemmed more or less from an inability to meet on a common footing. There were, however, two exceptions, the nephew with whom he was once in business, and a grand-nephew, Toney Richardson.

THE FAVORITE nephew was Samuel Irby (better known as S. I.) Richardson who came back to Arizona with McAdams in 1896. At Redlake, working for his uncle, S. I. learned to speak Navajo.

After McAdams sold his posts the first time, S. I. worked for a water construction company at Flagstaff and a cattle outfit in Prescott until asked to go partners with his uncle again at Wolf Post. In 1901, S. I. returned to Texas to marry Susan Annabel Meador. For awhile he engaged in the cattle business in Oklahoma before returning to Arizona as an Indian trader at Shonto, Kaibeto, Cameron and elsewhere on the western Navajo Reservation.

In 1924 with a brother and a son, he built a road over the ancient Ute war trail seventy-four miles across the desert and deep canyons from Redlake to Nava-

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jo Mountain. Rainbow Lodge Trading Post was constructed on the slope at Willow Springs on the Utah border.

Around the edges of this great area the only trading posts were at Oljeto, Kayenta, Kaibeto, Shonto and Tuba City. To reach them for necessary supplies Navajos traveled to the "outside" twice a year in wagons and by pack train. Rainbow Lodge was a vast step forward in the betterment of the tribesmen. Tribal government, Indian officials, doctors and nurses, stockmen and agronomists, teachers and schools followed over the first crude road which cost $50,000.

In addition, a stock trail fourteen miles long was cut through canyons and Redbud Pass to Rainbow Natural Bridge Monument, making that great wonder easily available to the general public. Prior to this pioneering in road construction the few who viewed the natural bridge had to engage expensive pack outfits.

The "dude" guest business was an important adjunct to Indian trading but, tiring of handling it, S. I. sold his share of Rainbow Lodge to his brother who placed Stanton K. Borum in charge.

Moving down the road thirty-four miles, S. I. put in Inscription House Trading Post in 1926. For the next twenty-eight years he remained in business there before selling to Stokes Carson, another old-time Indian trader.

For awhile S. I. owned Two Guns Trading Post on U. S. Highway 66 halfway between Flagstaff and Winslow. He did so at the time of his death in 1959 at age eighty.

George McAdams' brother, Joel Higgins, the famous "J. H." among early-day traders, reached Arizona in 1896. At the Tuba City post he was joined by still a third McAdams brother, Richard P. (Pink).

When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, J. H. and Richard went to Albuquerque where they enlisted in the Rough Riders, Company H., 1st U. S. Volunteer Cavalry.

After service in Cuba Richard did not return to the Southwest, but J. H., resuming Indian trading, established a post at Chavez, New Mexico. This was followed by stints at Wolf Post and Cuba, New Mexico. The latter post was sold in 1907 to the famous Wetherill brothers, John, Richard and Al.

In partnership with E. J. Marty, J. H. McAdams' next store was established in 1907 at Sunrise Springs, Arizona, deep in Navajo country. Hardly had the two men opened for business when John Lorenzo Hubbell, Sr., boiled down on them from Ganado, officiously informing them that all that region was his exclusive trading territory. In fact, he ordered them to be gone by the next sundown.

Marty went to Gallup but J. H., his Scotch temper aroused, told Hubbell and his Navajo cronies that he wasn't running a foot in any direction. And he didn't. Marty's share of the business was paid for with two big freight-wagonloads of blankets delivered in Gallup the following spring.

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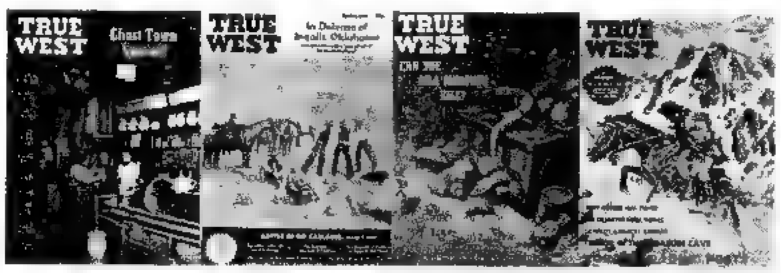

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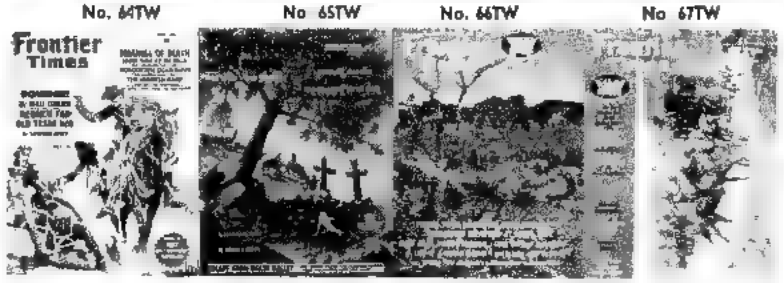

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moting the sale of hand-woven Navajo blankets, J. H. gave exclusive attention to the wholly neglected Navajo silver and turquoise jewelry craft. He purchased the Indian Wells Post in 1909, sold Sunrise Springs and made a trip to Texas to be married.

On his return he sold the post and went to Gallup where he established the McAdams Trading Company in 1910. From it he promoted the making and selling of Navajo jewelry, hiring native craftsmen for its manufacture. To publicize this new field of Indian crafts he advertised extensively in eastern newspapers, and mailed out descriptive brochures by the tens of thousands.

Navajo silversmiths were placed under contract at a figure which would assure them of a nice profit. During his years in the business, 3,800 silversmiths learned their trade in J. H.'s warehouse shop behind the store. The business became so remunerative that several companies began producing "genuine handmade" Indian jewelry with machines.

Disillusioned about the vanishing market in favor of the spurious cheap jewelry, J. H. sold this first business to John Kirk in 1918 and devoted himself strictly to the trading post business. He bought stores at Ganado, Keams Canyon, Jeddito and Oraibi, as well as investing in the Winslow Indian goods wholesale house of two nephews.

Two years later a doctor warned him to leave the high altitudes so, selling everything, he returned to Texas. But by 1921 he was so much improved that the ever-calling Indian country drew him back. His second company to deal exclusively in production of silver and turquoise jewelry was established in Gallup. Once more he advertised widely and employed hundreds of smiths. In a few short months the handcrafted Indian product caught public fancy. It was J. H. McAdams alone who promoted the craft into an annual million dollar income for the tribesmen. Not only did he train them, he provided the best in modern smithing tools and equipment. Almost all of the designs, types and styles of Indian jewelry sold today were originated by him.

Deciding to retire in 1928, he disposed of his Gallup trading company to Hubert Richardson and moved to California. He died the following year.

Toney Richardson

WHEN Hubert Richardson turned eighteen years of age in 1908 he hurried to Arizona, going to work for his Uncle J. H. at Sunrise Springs. The following year he bought the post, sold it in 1910, and purchased Indian Wells. He married and started raising a family there and was joined by his brother, Claude Dick Richardson, in 1913.

Claude with another brother, Julius Caesar, had been briefly in Arizona in 1903. Julius went to work for the Santa Fe Railroad at Winslow and was never interested in Indian trading.

Claude and Hubert opened a trading post at Blue Canyon in buildings leased from the government and owned it until 1920. Even before World War I Hubert and Claude had moved their families off the reservation to Winslow. There they put in a traders wholesale supply house, first backed by their uncle, J. H. McAdams, and then for awhile with E. J. Marty as a partner. The supply house furnished goods to their own several trading posts and to many others. Their principal customers were Hubbell family members of Ganado and Oraibi who owned a dozen trading posts.

Prior to this partnership Claude bought the cabin store of Joe Lee and John Wetherill in Shonto Canyon, and constructed the large stone building in use today. Northwest of Tuba City he built Kaibeto Post that same year. Later he sold it to Earl Morris who turned it over to Hubert in 1922. In 1916 Claude opened The Gap store.

Hubert bought the Leupp Trading Post, and in 1916 established the one at Cameron north of Flagstaff on U. S. Highway 89. These stores were run by resident managers.

The brothers retained individual ownership of their posts, taking over personal operation when the Winslow partnership was dissolved in 1920. Hubert retained the wholesale business, running it himself until disposing of it to Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., in 1925. Finally in 1966 Hubert, in ill-health and after fifty-eight years as a Navajo trader, disposed of his posts at Cameron and Kaibeto. Bellemont, established during World War II, had already been closed out.

IN 1925 Claude opened a new store at Tuba City. Three years later he sold it, The Gap and Shonto. Out of the deal he obtained Sunrise Trading Post down the Little Colorado River from Leupp. He quit reservation Indian trading entirely in 1935, but owned Indian goods stores elsewhere in both Arizona and New Mexico until retiring in 1960 due to a bad accident which cost him a leg.

A number of Richardson in-laws have engaged in Navajo trading. The line of traders in the family since Smith's time passed from uncles to nephews—Smith to two McAdams to three of their nephews, the Richardson brothers. But this rule changed when two sons of S. I., Toney and Cecil, became traders.

Toney, when seventeen years old, started trading at old Houck on the Rio Puerco River, and later a few miles north at the new post of Pine Springs. Even in 1921 those areas were known for renegade Indians and as hideouts for criminals of two races. Old Houck was then on the Old Trails Highway (U. S. 66) where it crossed the Rio Puerco. But the "tourist" traffic was more wishfully talked about than an actual happening. At Pine Springs no whites ever came along, for it was far off the regular path.

Outlaws, fleeing from one state to the other, still came through there over secret trails. Buying supplies, they hurried on, except for one lone hardcase who attempted to hold up the post. Spotting his move for a gun Toney brought one up faster from under the counter and ran him off. Three days later officers near St. Johns arrested the man for robbing a bank in New Mexico. The loot was found in his saddle roll.

In subsequent years Toney managed family-owned trading posts at Rainbow Lodge, Sunrise, Kaibeto, Shonto, Cameron, and longest at Inscription House.

Cecil, now sheriff of Coconino County, did his initial Navajo trading at Leupp when he was only sixteen, running the post for Hubert until it was sold to Borum. He next ran Kaibeto. After some years as a schoolteacher, Cecil returned to trading early in 1942 when

Cameron Trading Post, 1929, established by Hubert Richardson in 1916.

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Toney went to World War II. He enlarged the present stone building which Toney and "seven other Indians," as his father always said, put together with mud in 1928.

Periodically after World War II Toney returned to Inscription House but was in Korea when his father sold the business. Toney was trader at Two Guns, east of Flagstaff, until 1961.

Hubert's two sons, John Hubert (Jack) and Keith, also became Navajo traders. Following service in World War II, Jack managed Cameron until his tragic death in 1958. Keith also traded at Cameron, and managed Kaibeto some years for his father.

Only one other Richardson son—William Thomas, son of Claude—engaged in the long-time family profession. For the last several years he has owned and operated his own Indian store in Gallup, buying and selling Indian jewelry and blankets.

OF THE IN-LAWS the most noted trader has been William S. (Billy) Young. He began learning the business at Leupp as a boy. While working up to management of that store he married the Richardson brothers' sister, Freeds.

Later he traded at Cameron, before buying Rediake (north of Leupp) in partnership with Stanton Borum, from the famous old trader William (Billy) Williams. He ran this store until 1942. That year he assumed management as partner with Hubert, in the store established at the Indian workers' camp at Bellemont west of Flagstaff.

Leaving there in 1959 he managed his own Flagstaff market until going to Chinle Trading Post as manager three years later. Today he operates the one at recently created Lorenzo Hubbell National Monument, Ganado.

In the early trading years of McAdams and Richardson, perils beset them on every side. Danger was an unmentioned part of their daily lives. Communications were non-existent. In case of serious accident or fatal illness the nearest medical attention was south on the transcontinental railroad, often as far as 200 miles away. This meant from one to two days' travel by automobile after such vehicles were available. That travel was anything but swift. In the summer, blowing sand created a hazard and often stuck cars for hours. During the winter months snowstorms could, and did, close all exit roads.

The one fear at Rainbow Lodge for the three years the S. I. Richardson family lived there, was that someone would die. From late November until March or April no passage out was possible. If death had occurred then, the body would have been kept frozen until spring.

The situation was only slightly different when Tom Turpin, Claude Richardson's brother-in-law running Kaibeto, died with influenza in 1918. His death was concealed from the Navajos until help reached there from the outside. Then Turpin's body was secretly placed in a car and hauled out at night to Winslow for burial. The superstitious

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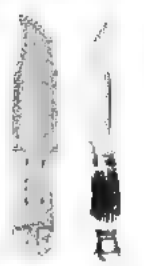

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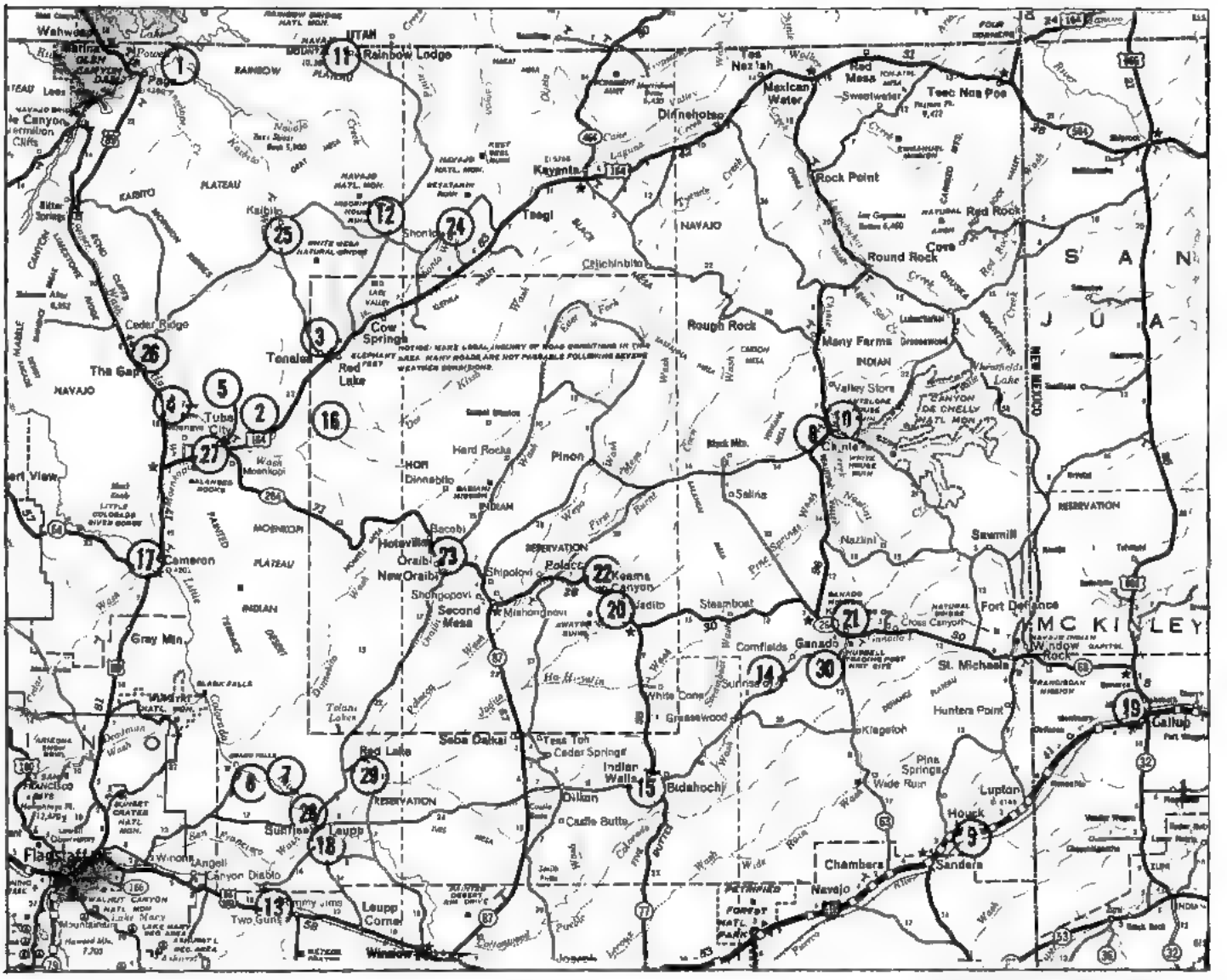
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Home remedies, consisting largely of patent medicines, were kept in large stock for the trader's family and sick Navajos. Usually these potions sufficed in common illnesses, but there were cases wherein they failed. For instance, John Howell, temporary trader at Shonto, had to be hauled out in a Navajo wagon to Redlake because roads in were impassable for a car. He was bleeding to death from the lungs.

The McAdams and Richardson families buried Indian dead when necessary. Their womenfolk brought babies into the world and nursed the ill. White women and Navajo women helped each other, unasked and loyally.

THE WESTERN Navajo country was long known as the "land of vanishing white men." Sometimes they did and the bodies were never recovered. But most were found—murdered. Wandering prospectors, just plain wandering fools, and men who had business in the country were the mysterious victims.

Hardships were many. Harsh, stormy winters meant trading stock ran low. Then the traders went hungry as did the Navajos themselves. Families were separated when children had to be sent outside to school.

Bad years for the Indians always meant a loss to the traders. They never let an Indian starve to death, and paper accounts could not be paid when the Indians' products dropped to the bottom price. In the end such accounts were thrown away.

Too, there came into the Indian country wanted white outlaws. One of these killed three men in southern Utah as late as 1934 and escaped south on the Kayenta road. He was a man who would have killed again had he been recognized and stopped.

But despite many intolerable conditions, the Navajo country was home and a wonderful place to the trading McAdams and Richardsons. As pioneers they established permanent trading posts at new places, opening up the final largest Indian country in the United States. They developed water at each post and laid out roads necessary to freight merchandise into the back of beyond. Their old roads were the usual traces of frontier times, a thread meandering off seemingly into nowhere. Later the trails were improved for automobiles and trucks.

Obviously Smith created no new trails, using those of the Indians or none at all. George McAdams instituted the route off Mormon trails following up the Little Colorado River, north of Winslow across the Denebeto Valley via Blue Canyon to Redlake (Tonalea). Hubert and Claude rebuilt part of this route to Blue Canyon, and on to Shonto and Kaibeto. By that time the old McAdams trace had worn out itself and three different names.

McAdams also laid out the short road (twenty-eight miles) from Redlake to Tuba City directly over Rabbit Mesa which Mormon immigrant routes had passed around. He also stretched trails from Redlake to summer trading camps into remote areas including Cowspring Canyon, Red Valley, Tseghi and into the unknown vastness of Black Mountain where before only gold hunters dared venture.

Claude Richardson was responsible for the direct route through the sandhills from Tuba City to Kaibeto (no longer used) and one from Kaibeto to The Gap and one to Redlake, both still in use. He made the first road down over the canyon rim into Shonto. Then when sand covered it he worked another through the canyon to the Kayenta road past several small lakes that today are cornfields.

The last family road-building was from Redlake to Willow Springs on Navajo Mountain when Hubert, S. L and Cecil hired Indians and spent $10,000 blasting a fourteen-mile trail via Redbud Pass into Rainbow Natural Bridge Monument. Other trails made by Navajos and white guides were from Rainbow Lodge into Surprise Valley, to the San Juan River, to the top of Navajo Mountain, into Navajo Canyon and on to Kaibeto and to Tower Butte on the Colorado River.

At the end of these off-shoot trails and roads there stand today other trading posts, schools, mission stations and various establishments such as rodeo and fair grounds for the benefit of the Navajo. Some trails were long ago abandoned, but those around Navajo Mountain have been improved and rerouted by the tribe and the federal government, becoming main arteries of travel into the undeveloped wilderness.

Many McAdams and Richardson roads are now paved highways or improved dirt roads over the lengths originally laid down. After these pioneer traders came government agents, explorers, scientists, missionaries, and always the tourists. It can be truly said that the newcomers camped by the cold ashes of the traders' dead fires and used their watering places while passing safely through once forbidden, impassable country.

Many of the family's undertakings were total financial losses, but it is certain they accomplished many "firsts" in this last frontier. Firsts were of doubtful importance, of course, in the days of old. There exists nowhere a chronicle of what they did and when. The men associated with them, who knew, are dead and gone. No historians were around to write of their exploits for posterity. Others gained the credit in later decades. But as for that, no McAdams or Richardson cared anything then and less today for accolades in dry history. Even Fred Smith would probably turn over in his grave if he knew that he had been given the honor of being the first *Americano* into the Navajo Mountain country.

To them all, the one and only important fact was that by choice they became part of The People, the Navajo, playing a prominent role in the tribe's advancement from the so-called savage state to the industrious, upstanding citizenry these Indians are today.

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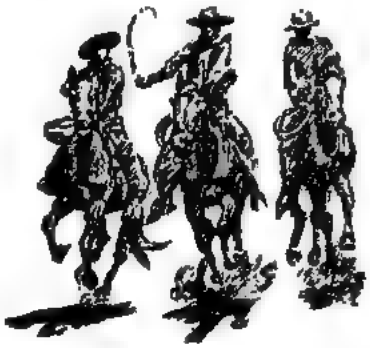

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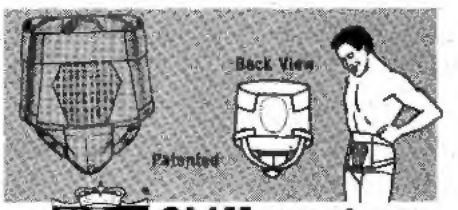

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

I have a lot of years to look back on since I am now seventy-eight, and think it would be wonderful if some of the terrible things that are happening now could be changed, but we must take it as it comes and make the best of it.

I do so enjoy your magazines and hope they go on and on and I'm here to read them.—Mrs. Henrietta Ferrey Minter, 541 Medford Avenue, Hayward, California 94541

Weather Talk

Dear Sir:

Just read in "Wild Old Days" about the 1888 blizzard which brought back some memories of my own. When I was a knock-kneed kid in bloomer pants I lived in Michigan, and in "them there days" it could really get cold. Folks tell me that it isn't nearly as cold now as then. The last year I spent there, we were walking on packed snow four feet deep and you had to count the tunnels from the corner to know which was your hut, so you could turn in and walk down to your front porch. Our local pump station says it reached 45 degrees again and again and again. We would caulk the bedroom windows with towels, but even then the snow would pile up all over the room. I was smarter than some, for I stuck a stick in my shoes so I could dig right down to them quicker. It was so miserable that the cold would go right on down the warm air registers and put the fire out. (My sister says now that putting out the fires isn't a fact. But it's as I remember it, and I am older than she is!)—Earl R. Gilbert, 6026 Rose, Houston, Texas 77007

Western Authors

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for the back issues of magazines you have sent to me according to my order. The stories I was proud to read are excellent! In my opinion only the truth is exciting and worth to be read. Here in Germany we are provided with stories about the American West which are so untrue and mad that you would not even read a line, but the authors here are people who have never been in the States and they don't even speak your language. But most of the folks do not know that and think they read true facts. Just an example: one of our writers here brings out stories about Wyatt Earp week after week. You can read about the town-tamer Earp, fire-eating and bullet-dodging. Maybe he did some gun practicing, but what this author is writing here has nothing to do with the True West, how it really was. He just only looks for his profit and so the Wyatt Earp story goes on and on.—Edgar Lamaack, 208 Pinneberg/Holst., Platanenweg 14, Germany

Rich Coffey

Gentlemen:

In one of your back issues of TRUE WEST you mention Uncle Rich Coffey. I want to give you two stories about him, told me by pioneers who knew him.

The first is from my wife's mother, Mrs. H. S. Moran of Weatherford, Texas. As a child, Mrs. Moran was in the last raid the Comanches made close to Fort Worth. That was in 1869. Her father moved his family then to Weatherford for protection from the Indians.

Mrs. Moran told me that Uncle Rich Coffey used to visit them in Weatherford. He and her father were friends. Here is her story:

Uncle Rich was a great Indian fighter. He was noted for being very witty and gave play to his wit on this occasion. The Indians used to lay for him, but he always went armed. Once, however, he forgot to take his gun along and they jumped him. He had staked a horse overnight some distance from his cabin. Early next morning he went to get the horse and forgot to take his gun. The Indians were waiting. He ran for his house, and it was a hot foot race!

His wife was standing in the door, hollering, "Run, Rich, run! Run, Rich, run!"

He was going so fast when he went through the door that he couldn't stop. He hit the opposite wall of the cabin and it knocked him down. When he got up, he eyed his wife and in mock severity said, "Woman, I want you to understand there was no jockeying needed in that race!"

The other story was told me by Louis Jones of Glenwood, New Mexico. Louis died last year in Silver City, at the age of eighty-six. His father, Uncle "Wash" Jones, settled on Pecan Bayou and was a neighbor of Coffey.

Louis told me that his father took him to a nearby town one day. They met Uncle Rich on a corner and were talking to him. A young man came up and made a very discourteous remark to Uncle Rich. Rich promptly knocked the young man down, then he held up his doubled fist, observed it, and said, "I haven't shot the old gun for many years, but it will still shoot!"

When I first moved to Reserve, New Mexico, in 1926, Mrs. Moran came to visit us. Uncle Bill Jones, a brother of Louis, came by the house on foot with his milch cows. Mrs. Moran was sitting on the porch. I wanted the two elderly Texas pioneers to meet, so I called Uncle Bill in and introduced him to Mrs. Moran. The first thing he said to her was, "Did you know Uncle Rich Coffey?" Mrs. Moran said, "Law, yes!" and the two oldtimers were instantly acquainted.—Rhea Kuykendall, 1100 Santa Rita Street, Silver City, New Mexico.

More on John Turnow

Dear Editor:

About the February 1967 TW's "Terror in the Mist," my dad's name was Don Pedro Bush. He was there at Camp Seven when they brought Turnow out of the woods. He also visited the place of the killing. Turnow was not crazy. He attended a lot of dances my mother and dad played at.

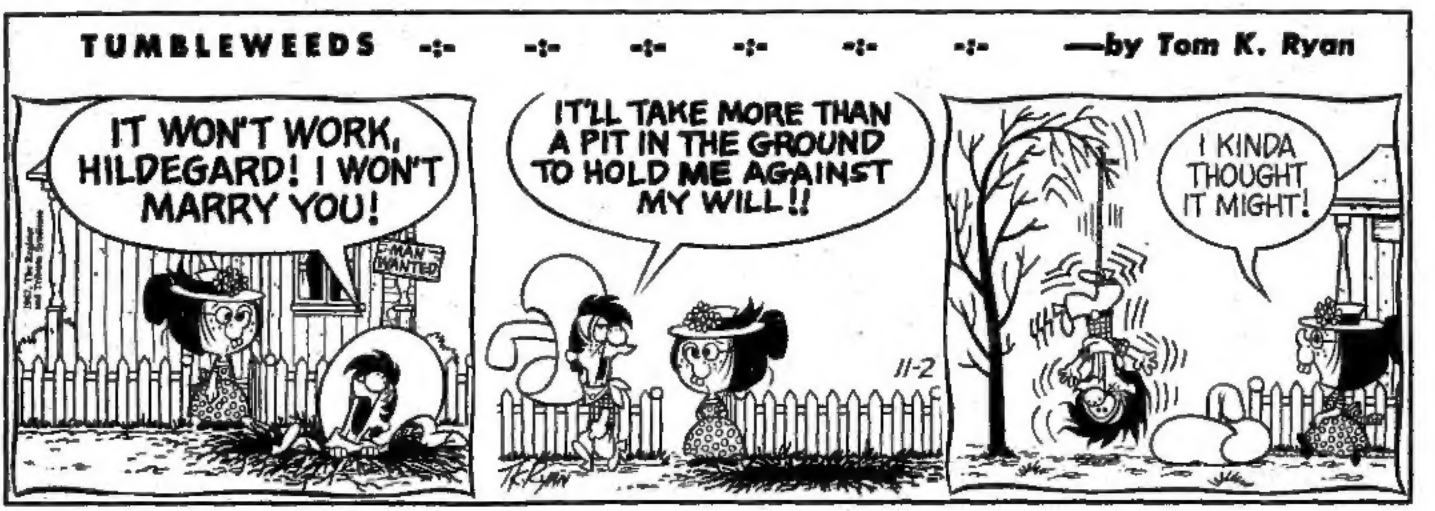
John and Will Bauer were Turnow's nephews. They were bear hunting and had taken a couple of shots at a bear near where Turnow was. He thought they were deputies hunting for him to take him back to Salem. He had a horror of prison. He just wanted to be left alone, so he shot them.

The story went around that his relatives put him in Salem so they could gain control of his timber holdings.

Lathrop probably did hit Turnow, but the death shot was made by Louis Blair. The shot that killed Turnow was in the right side just under the armpit. He would have died even if Lathrop hadn't shot him.

He lived in a swampy section and had a log across the water to his lean-to. The place was infested with frogs; when they stopped croaking, he knew someone was near.

Turnow shot Quimby first. In the meantime Blair shot Turnow in the right side. Lathrop couldn't have shot Turnow in the ride side because Lathrop was on Turnow's left, Quimby in the center, Blair on the right of Turnow. I have heard my dad tell this many times. Lathrop was so scared he ran the four miles back to camp. —D. R. Bush, 320 S. E. Pine, Roseburg, Oregon.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